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THE COMING BIG FIGHT.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 617.
Price Ten Cents.



JUMPED FROM RACEWAY POINT.
AN UNKNOWN WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE AT NIAGARA FALLS IN A VERY DELIBERATE MANNER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889.

A SPECIAL POLICE GAZETTE TRAIN

Has been arranged for with the
BALTIMORE & OHIO

AND
QUEEN & CRESCENT

Railroads, to leave New York on or
about JULY 4.

FOR NEW ORLEANS.

Parties desiring accommodations on same should
apply early to this office.

Reduced rates of fare have been arranged for.

THERE is an old adage to the effect that large bodies move slowly, and we find that railroad companies are no exception to the terms and conditions of this legend. For this reason we are unable to advise our friends in relation to the reduced rates to New Orleans, which we promised in last week's issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and which we have been endeavoring to secure for our patrons. We have, however, strong hopes of success in this direction, and will be able to give the exact excursion rates on and after Tuesday, June 25. Gentlemen desiring to take advantage of these rates to New Orleans should lose no time in applying to us for tickets and accommodations in order to secure the benefits of the special train and reduced figures.

RIGHT here it might be well to state, that we have been informed that Jake Kilrain, the champion, purposes going to New Orleans with the desire and determination of contesting the match on its merits.

Neither he nor his backers will permit of any mean or underhand measures to that end, and those who expect a display of such measures will be sadly disappointed and had better remain at home. Sporting men of well-known honor and integrity, among them Frank Stevenson, William B. Masterson, of the Palace Theatre, Denver, Col., and others of equal note have backed and will accompany the famed pugilist, and will see that mob law and violence will be relegated to justly deserved sequestration whenever and wherever they crop out.

Even if this were not so, the New Orleans people, well-known and world-famed for their love of justice and fair play, have announced that they will nip any display or attempt at display of unfairness or trickery in its veriest bud.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* FIND this week dilates on the voluptuousness of the Prohibition goat in Kansas. These special stories are becoming a feature of our paper, and they will be continued from week to week to counterbalance the effects of the humidity of the atmosphere until the hot spell hangs aglow.

In another column will be found a highly interesting interview by a correspondent of *Bell's Sporting Life*, of London, with Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, who has just arrived in England. The many friends of Mr. Fox will be pleased to learn that he has arrived safe and sound on the other side of the Big Pond and is hugely enjoying himself.

RACELAND, the famous racer, carried off the honors at the Suburban, and thereby bulged a good many people's pockets, while he sent others home as lean as the legendary yard of pump water. Taking one consideration with another, the best way to bet on horse races is to place the money in the bank. Even then some earnest bank cashier may do the trotting act with it.

EVERYTHING is progressing smoothly for the big fight between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, and John L. Sullivan, the Boston Boy, which is to take place near New Orleans on July 8. It promises to be the greatest battle ever fought or thought of. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has already correspondents and artists in New Orleans, and we will give the fullest particulars of the encounter, illustrated as to every detail, immediately upon the reception of the news. News agents and dealers will, of course, subscribe their best interests by acting in accordance with the particulars of this announcement.

MASKS AND FACES

Paul Allen's Plug--Gay Girls
and Love Poets.

SEDLEY BROWN'S SUCCESS.

Patti's Favorite Song--Loie and Jennie--Turtle Club Talk.

ASHBROOKE OUT WEST.

"That dog," said Paul Allen, of Lester and Allen, to me the other day, "I wouldn't part with that dog for a thousand dollars. I bought him of a Dutchman, who had just landed, for a dollar. His name is Plug. You



may laugh at his tail, and smile at his bandy legs, and say that the plug hat he always wears in the street is absurd, but I love that dog, and don't you forget it. Plug is a cross between a crab and a lobster, a spaniel and a bull pup--a kind of canine medley--and I love him better than the dudes love Louise Montague. When I walk the streets with him his stovepipe hat and his bandy legs attract as much attention as one of Kemble's stories, and cause as many people to turn around as--well, I won't put in any woman's name for fear of offending any. But my dog Plug is a brick, and he lives at the Morton's."

Florence Ashbrooke, of the "Twelve Temptations" Company, is making a name for herself, judging by the papers. Ashbrooke is a "good fellow" and a capable and versatile actress. A few weeks ago she, at short notice, took the part of the leading man, who persisted in going off on drunks, and played it most creditably. Ashbrooke is a success as a boy, a prince, for she has as fine a pair of legs as you'd find outside of the skirts of Ruth Stetson.

A mob of actors and actresses thronged to the Madison Square Theatre one afternoon last week, anxious to see "Pine Meadow," a new play by Sedley Brown. Before they were in their seats half an hour they voted the play interesting. When the curtain fell on act three they called out the author. When the curtain fell on act five they pronounced it a success. Joe Arthur has since bought "Pine Meadow" for four thousand rhinos. It's a play that reminds one a little of "Hazel Kirke" and a little of half a dozen other plays. The climaxes are clever. The situations are good. The interest is kept up to the very last. Tears throughout chase laughter.

The weak spot in the play is the villain. He is too much of a villain. He reminds you of the villain in "The Fatal Marriage Night," or in "The Three Bloody Gunders," and other dreadful plays and books.

But Henrietta Crossman, by her presence, her smile, that rich, tangled hair of hers, her eyes, playing the part of an actress, made a fellow forget all about villains, and mortgages, and deserted mammas, and weeping babies, and stuttering dudes, and all the other paraphernalia of modern dramatic art.

Crossman is an actress and a looker, and I don't see why Dan Frohman, a shrewd manager, ever let her go. Selena Fetter, Ethel Barrington, Dave Murray, Harry Courtaine, Sedley Brown, Sheridan Tupper and Mrs. Sol Smith lent efficient aid to make the play a success. I hear that the day before the production Mrs. Brown said to Mr. Brown.

"Sedley, I wish you'd take me to the museum. I want to see the man with the broken neck."

"If you'll wait, dear, till the day after tomorrow, when my play is produced," replied the playwright, "you can see right here the man with the broken heart."

Mr. Sedley Brown, far from having a broken heart, now has an obese pocket book.

A. Miner Griswold, of Texas Siftings, has started out as a lecturer again, and a tip-top talking fun-maker, he is.

His "Tour Around the World" is as full of incident as Tim Murphy is often full of beer, as long as Harry Dixey's legs and as punctured with wit as Staten Island is with mosquitoes.



A. Miner Griswold used to be in the theatrical business, but he got out of it.

He was a manager or advance agent for Lawrence Barrett once upon a time.

That reminds me of a story.

Frank Mayo met Lawrence Barrett not long ago.

"What do you think I do best?" asked Barrett in the course of the conversation, of the elder actor.

"Well, I don't know."

"Don't you think my *Cassius* is great?" asked Barrett.

"No," answered Mayo.

"Don't you like my *Francesca*?"

"No," again said Mayo.

"Don't you consider me an actor at all?"

"No," said Mayo, smoking his cigar.

"Well, what am I then?" meekly queried Barrett.

"You're a great merchant. Booth is your stock in trade."

Pauline Hall once told me that an admirer of hers sends her a typewritten, ribbon-tied poem regularly once a month. This may be a fairy story and may not, but a fact is that Lillian Russell received a poem the other day, which no one can readily understand. It was written by George Lesoir, appeared in *The Theatre*, and runs this way:

At break of day I knelt beyond the mere
A soft mirage afloat on beryl sheen,
Which from the casement of my lone demeane
Allured my gaze to where the bay-whorls clear
Score mullets' games. A cygnet paddling near
For one sweet spell withheld thy soul serene.

It stirred the lute-strings with a nasal hand.
No sound arose. Then, like the sunny thrill
Of nestling on a nest, on the air so still,
Upwelled a threnody so wildly grand
That with the tide my music filled the strand,
And on the marge my tears had left a rill.

Three girls, in complete undress, tried hard to understand that poem, but couldn't make it out. They had evidently never wrestled with Browning or dallied with Swinburne.

Jennie Calef, who played in "An American Princess" here last week, and Loie Fuller, who appeared in "The Bohemian Girl," didn't receive poems, but they received lots of flowers.

Loie Fuller and Jennie Calef, I hear, are both sterling little women as well as clever artists, and deserve all the success they get.

I can't help it if both dress in execrable taste on the street.

Mousettes are nothing if not eccentric.

The season is over in town, the theatres are dark. But men, in spite of the hot weather, still make

clowns of themselves, and managers are busy laying wires and actors are active pulling legs.

Burr McIntosh, the big initiative motive power of the A. A. A. A. A. is packing dress suits, morning coats and jokes into his trunk, preparatory to making a tour of the fashionable watering places.

Mark Murphy hangs around the Morton House, and has engaged Joe. Conway, a jockey, for his new play. Dixey will appear in "Seven Ages" next season, and Goodwin now appears daily at the Hoffman.

Rose Coghlan is said to be on the outs with her lawyer husband, Clinton Edgerly. She sold her furniture last week.

Will Mack, of the basso baritone voice, says "Blue Beard, Jr.," is a great go in Chicago.

Mack also says Hamelin's "Spider Web" didn't catch many flies there.

Carrie Turner, Cora Tinnie and Amelia Summerville were fortunate investors on Raceland in the Suburban last week.

Branch O'Brien is to go in advance of Charles Bowser, who stars in "Cheek" next season.

Handsome Ed Thurman, who used to be with Kellar and Herrman, is to have a magician of his own next year. The magician's name is Miller, and he hails from old England.

I overheard Steele Mackaye explain the different kinds of rare flowers on Union Square to Stuart Robson one morning last week. He was very eloquent--almost as eloquent as he is in his denunciation of the Mallorys.

Sol Smith Russell is a great admirer of Jos. Jefferson, and met him the other day at the St. James.

Sol Smith Russell told one of his pathetic stories, and I saw tears course down Jos. Jefferson's cheeks.

One hears a good story now and then at Heckler's, at Jack's, at Engel's, at Rourke's.

Adelina Patti is reported dangerously ill in Paris. Her favorite song, by the way, isn't any of your spaghetti or macaroni songs at all. It's "Maggie Judah," and here's the history

of that song: "There lived, in the year 1880, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, West Indies, a colored woman named Maggie Judah. She was what was called a Jew bastard--that is, a cross between a Jew and a brown woman. She was then about thirty-five years old, rather stout with good Jewish features. She sold ginger beer and cakes; she was evidently not a 'Caesar's wife.' About that time there lived a clever black boy, Alexander Archpole by name, a gentleman's groom, who among other accomplishments had a very good voice. One evening Mr. Alexander Archpole went to Maggie Judah's cake stall, and, in the presence of an admiring audience, in alloud voice serenaded the said lady by singing, 'Maggie Judah.'"

"Miss Judah, not at all complimented, took legal proceedings against Mr. Archpole, and the case was tried in the police court before the Hon. Richard Hill, since dead, the well-known naturalist and friend of the late Mr. P. Gosse. Archpole's defense was that the song was a popular one, which was commonly sung about the streets. Miss Judah's lawyer, however, was not to be humbugged. He contended that the song

was not a decent one, and that it referred to Maggie Judah in a way derogatory to her character. The Magistrate thereupon requested Mr. Archpole to sing the song for his guidance. Mr. Archpole then went up into the witness box, and in a clear, musical voice sang 'Maggie Judah.' Of course the whole Court House was convulsed, and it was some time before order was restored.

"This, however, did not help Mr. Archpole, who was fined ten shillings and costs, or twenty days in the district prison. The fine was paid, and Mr. Alexander Archpole lived for several years after, and although he did not again serenade Maggie Judah, he nevertheless used to sing the song to his horses while rubbing them down. Maggie Judah has since 'passed away,' but there are many people who still recollect her, and the song which caused so much amusement in the Spanish Town police court."

While Flit Flyaway, ingenue, emotional, sourette, anything you please, preparatory to going to the seaside, examines her bathing tights to assure herself whether they have shrunk to the brevity dictated both by morals and fashion, the Hoboken Turtle Club gave a dinner at Babe Case's last week.

Quite a number of professionals were present.

Tim Murphy gave some of his imitations.

Lee Harrison told in his picturesque way how he had been arrested last Sunday for playing ball on the street and fined a fiver.

Gus Phillips recited "Der Dürkle Soub" with great gusto.

Al Fletcher and Fred Roberts sang.

R. G. Knowles pointed out how many times baseball had been mentioned in the Bible.

His most striking quotation, by the way, was: "Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher."

ROSEN.

ARRIVAL OFF QUEENSTOWN OF MR. RICHARD K. FOX.

The following, clipped from *Bell's Sporting Life* of Monday, June 10, explains itself:

Full of faith in Kilrain's ability to defeat Sullivan, Mr. Richard K. Fox, the spirited and enterprising proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, New York, and the friend and backer of Jake Kilrain, arrived off Queenstown on Saturday night, accompanied by his amiable consort, Mrs. Fox, aboard the Cunard steamer *Aurania*, from New York, on their annual European tour. Your correspondent journeyed out in the mail tender, which left the Cunard Company's wharf at half-past 6 P. M. to intercept the liner, and within an hour afterwards I was aboard the *Aurania*, whose decks presented a scene of bustle and excitement, being crowded with passengers, a large proportion of whom were preparing to disembark at this port. I had as a consequence very considerable difficulty in discovering Mr. Fox (who had intended landing at Queenstown but for an unfavorable change in the weather), and only succeeded in my search a short time previous to the tender starting. Having extended to Mr. Fox a warm welcome on behalf of the *Sporting Life*, the following hurried interview took place:

Correspondent--How did you enjoy your ocean voyage?

Mr. Fox--Very much, indeed; it was quite pleasant, though without any incident worth mentioning. We had a few days of fog, beyond which the weather was bright and summer-like. Coming along the Irish coast the scenery was most delightful. It was quite refreshing to gaze on the emerald greenness of the pasture, meadows and foliage.

Correspondent--Would you kindly tell me what you think of the coming fight between Kilrain and Sullivan for the championship of the world, as represented by the "Police Gazette" diamond belt. Of course I need scarcely add that considerable interest will centre in, and importance be attached to, any expression of opinion coming from you, a gentleman so prominently identified with everything in a sporting way in the United States.

Mr. Fox--I feel obliged for your complimentary reference to me, but I would rather tell you the feeling amongst the leading sporting men of New York, Boston and other large cities as regards the Kilrain-Sullivan fight than my own. However, as you desire to ascertain my views I have great pleasure in giving them to you for the *Sporting Life*. My faith in Kilrain's ability to whip Sullivan is unbounded, and, I may add, that my confidence in him is even greater now than when he crossed the Atlantic to fight Jim Smith. I have no doubt whatever as to the result, provided that fair play and justice shall characterize the conduct of those at the ring side on the 8th of July. Now, as to the opinion of those who in the United States are well competent to offer an opinion. They say that Sullivan is in the greatest danger of being pulled off his high perch. His intimates admit with sorrow that his legs do not grow strong as rapidly as they expected. He is to fight under London ring rules, and he can't wrestle. Purely a Queensberry glove fighter, he has never thought it worth his while to acquire an intimate knowledge of cross-buttocks, grapevine twists or inside clicks, and now Muldoon is to try and teach him in a few weeks what men who have a natural aptitude for wrestling find it difficult to acquire in years. In short, they are decidedly of opinion that Kilrain will be hailed the victor on the termination of the fight, and the betting is now in that direction. Ever-Sullivan's best friends admit that his chances of success are not by any means the best, and he cannot stand a long fight. On this score they dread Kilrain's staying powers.

Correspondent--In case Kilrain wins, will he accept Smith's challenge to fight the victor?

Mr. Fox--I have no doubt but he will. As you are aware, he recently journeyed to England to get on a match with Smith, and was much disappointed at not being able to do so.

The tender was now leaving, and I had to cut short my conversation and jump on board. Mr. Fox informed me as we steamed away that he proposed remaining at this side until September.

EDITH MERRILL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Edith Merrill, whose death was so prematurely announced by the press some time ago, is still as alive and pretty as her counterfeit presentment elsewhere represents her. Miss Merrill has long been a favorite among the many admirers of the girls in "Adonis," and her dancing and fine form have been much remarked.



THE BIG FIGHT.

The All-Important Topic
in Sporting
Circles.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID.

What Good Judges Say
Now Regarding Kil-
rain's Action.

HOW THEY WEIGH HIM UP.

A Dissertation on His Limbs,
Wind and General
Make Up.

HIS FIGHT WITH JEM SMITH.

He Proved Himself a Marvel and As-
tonished the World.

WHAT "JAKE" IS DOING NOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The great topic in sporting circles in both hemispheres is the championship battle between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, Md., and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the heavy-weight title championship of the world, which is to be decided within 200 miles of New Orleans, La., at a place to be selected by Kilrain, on July 8.

In all parts of the world the forthcoming mill is the topic in sporting circles and each of the gladiators has legions of followers who are touting the probable winner and speculating heavily on the result of the battle.



TRAINING QUARTERS.

Sullivan, according to the opinions of his friends, is bound to win. They claim he is more scientific, stronger and by far a harder hitter than Kilrain.

Those who do not believe that Kilrain possesses the essential qualifications to become a champion pugilist, should look back to the fall of 1887, at the time Kilrain was in England matched to fight the flower of the English pugilistic army, Jem Smith. Englishmen who had backed and supported the prize ring from the time of Tom Sayers, and who, by their extensive knowledge of the ins and outs and ups and downs of pugilism and its champions, had the same opinion of Kilrain as the majority of those backing and standing up for John L. Sullivan have at the present time.

The critics of the prize ring in England would not approve of Kilrain's make, shape or method. "He stood awkwardly, with legs straddled and arms hugging his body, hit round, and was just as far from being an expert as any one might be." This was the English prize ring critic's opinion, and on that they laid 5 to 1 on their champion, "but it never came off."

"Wait," said a few of Kilrain's admirers in England, but the prize ring knowing ones, who had backed Jem Mace, Tom Sayers, Tom King and others, did not see why they should wait, but declared dead against Kilrain by putting out nearly pounds to shillings on Smith, with the remark, "It is a good thing, my boy! Smith will bust him in a round; take my word for it. Better have a bet on Jem, lad; you'll put it off, sure, for the Yankee is not even a clever dummy." It is just the same song, only not in the same vocabulary or with the same gusto, that Sullivan's admirers are singing and acting.

They are backing Sullivan as if the race had been run and the winner's number run out.

What was the opinion of the great English prize ring jurists on Kilrain? It amounted to nothing, and it was proved that they were completely deceived and hoodwinked.

In the ring Kilrain charmed the "knowing ones" as soon as he gave them to understand that their champion was not going to have a walk-over, or, rather, a fight over. He stood in the real fighter's attitude and made the most of his height, 5 feet 10.

Horse dealers will tell you that it is a sure sign of



KILRAIN IN FIGHTING TRIM.

usefulness for a horse to look less than his size; and Kilrain, when stripped and in position in the orthodox 24-foot ring, looks that way.

One seldom sees better, freer-playing shoulders than Kilrain has, a more easy and perfect action in hitting, or better command of balance or motion. His legs and arms are bigger, better developed and by far more powerful than they look. After he faced Smith in the ring Smith's backers ran the odds of 4 to 1 on him, and the general idea was that the battle would not last half an hour—that being the longest estimate on the Smith side—of Kilrain's possible period of endurance—an estimate founded on the incorrect idea

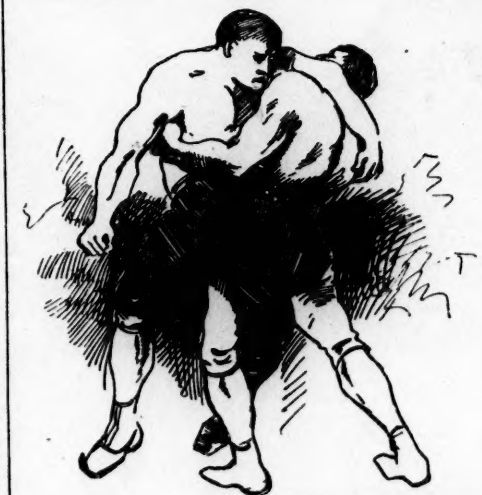


KILRAIN DRINKING A MARE.

that Kilrain had displayed his proper form in boxing exhibitions in London. A new man who saw the two for the first time and did not know about them would not have laid odds on the English champion after the first round had been fought.

Even in that Kilrain's extra reach told. He was as clever as his opponent in boxing, hit very straight and exhibited great, if not wonderful, science in wrestling. Kilrain never missed a chance for a clinch, nor would he play at fibbing. In the first four rounds Kilrain did most work and showed that he was a terrific hitter, a good judge of distance and just as great a general in the magic circle as Mace time and time again had proved himself to be. Kilrain's right was shot out like a ball from a cannon in the fourth round, and got there twice—once very hard—in the fifth, so hard and so awkwardly on the right or wrong spot that it unsettled the English champion, who got dazed and appeared misty.

Baldock and Jack Harper carefully concealed the



KILRAIN THROWS SMITH.

disaster and proceeded with their work with a deceptive air of supreme satisfaction; with rounds that, with half a minute rest and all, did not average a minute each they fought hard. Kilrain surprised everyone at the ring side and steadily gained in each succeeding

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$2.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

round up to the seventeenth, when the English champion, trying to find a road for his right mawley, left Kilrain an opening for his right, which was sent out with terrific force, like a piston rod, and as fast, and down went the English champion, and everyone supposed the battle was over. Smith was limp for a moment and came up dazed, and he fought on the defensive. Only very strong men, trained to perfection, could have stood the wear and tear and the heavy punishment as a mere matter of physical strain, and only gluttons could have taken the punishment. When 57 rounds had been fought Kilrain again landed his tremendous right on Smith's ear and sent him to grass again. At this juncture Kilrain had the fight more than half won, but his right eye was nearly closed, and the English champion, in spite of the severe punishment he had received, still pluckily continued to face the maul. Smith's bulldog courage was established beyond cavil, and with his fine constitution and superb condition—for he had been trained "as fine as a hare"—it was a question if he could be knocked out. In the seventy-fifth round Smith was up Queer street and Kilrain went at him with both hands. Smith was over and over again hit very hard indeed with Kilrain's right in the rounds up to the eighty-second, when one more straight blow appeared to do the business. Yet another as hot as ever did Kilrain administer in the eighty-seventh, and again knocked the English champion off his pins.

Again, in the ninety-second, Kilrain knocked Smith down, yet Smith still continued to renew the struggle. In the ninety-seventh round every one around the ring



SMITH GETS IT PLUMP.

supposed the end had come. Kilrain countered Smith's first lead with the left heavily on the mouth and got half a dozen tremendous body blows home on Smith's ribs, and yet Smith could not be settled. In the last six rounds Smith was all but gone. He was fighting on brandy, and if darkness had not come on it 100 to 1 that Kilrain would have won. It was Kilrain's first essay at prize fighting, for he had never during his career fought with bare knuckles, and every one who witnessed his great display pronounced him the greatest man they ever saw fight since Tom Sayers' time. If Kilrain had to go the same journey over again he would win in half the time, and there is not the least doubt but that when he faces Sullivan he will greatly improve on the first-class form he displayed when he fought England's champion.

Sullivan has fought twice according to prize ring rules, and neither of his displays can hold a candle to Kilrain's great battle with Smith. It is true Sullivan won the championship by defeating Paddy Ryan, but, when you put Ryan into the pugilistic crucible, what form did he ever show, or who did he ever defeat that would add lustre to the laurels of his conqueror or make the latter a wonder?

Ryan only fought once, and that battle was fought in June, 1880, with Joe Goss, who was stale and past training and fighting, and then eighty-seven rounds were



A BOXDOLAGER.

fought before Joe Goss gave in, and then it was from exhaustion more than the punishment he had received.

Besides defeating Paddy Ryan, Sullivan has only fought once according to London prize ring rules, and that battle was with Charley Mitchell, the champion boxer of England, March 10, 1887. Sullivan made a sorry display in this battle, which longed him his once great fistic prestige, and he would have sunk into oblivion only for a few admirers who decided to match him against Kilrain.

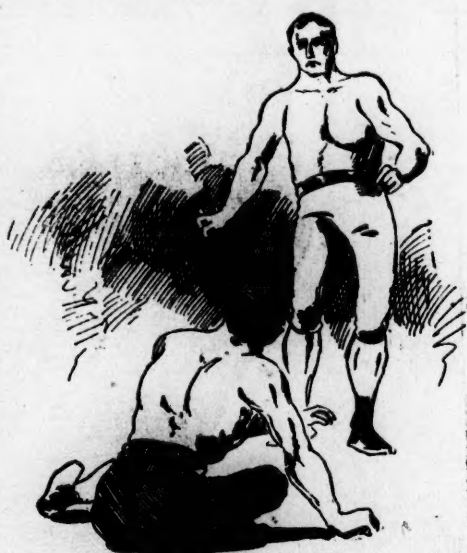
If Sullivan's battle with Charley Mitchell and Kilrain's gladiatorial struggle are to be taken as a line to pick the winner of the coming great fistic struggle, then Kilrain should win—and easily. Kilrain is taller, heavier, and by far a more muscular and better developed man than Sullivan is, for the latter cannot boast of the herculean proportions of five years ago, when he was a study for a sculptor. Besides, Kilrain is a better preserved man than Sullivan. He has always taken the best of care of himself and lived abstemiously, constantly boxing, rowing and exercising in a gymnasium, or following the profession of a boxing teacher. His style of boxing, hitting and countering, and his mode of attack and defence is entirely different to Sullivan's swing and push style.

Again, Kilrain is a quiet, cool, determined gladiator, and knows every square foot of a 24-foot ring. He knows when there is an opening or an advantage to be gained, and he never throws a chance away. Kilrain in his battle with Smith proved this fact, and surprised the best judges of pugilism in the world.

Again, it must be understood that a battle according to London prize ring rules and a contest according to Queensberry rules are just as different as two horses

trotting by rules or racing. Wrestling, clinching, jostling and everything in a go-as-you-please way is done in a battle according to London rules, and the most expert wrestler and the most courageous and determined pugilist generally wins.

At wrestling, Kilrain is a wonder, and it is doubtful if there is any catch-as-catch-can wrestler who could de-



"HE WAITING FOR YOU."

feat him since he has studied the science and learned all the trips, locks, swings and catches practiced. It may be Sullivan has been taught a few wrinkles, but it is long odds that if there is no obstacle in the way of Kilrain and Sullivan settling their pugilistic race near New Orleans, on July 8, and there is a clinch, Kilrain will certainly win the fall, no matter whether it is by a cross-buttock, a side-swing or a back-heel. Kilrain will fight weighing about 135 pounds, and if the battle is a prolonged one it is certain that Kilrain will retain the "Police Gazette" champion belt and remain the champion pugilist of the world. The stakes, \$20,000, are the largest ever fought for, and should Kilrain win he will be presented with \$10,000 and an additional \$1,000 that will be handed to him to bet in the ring. He has everything to gain by winning, and there is not the least doubt but that he will do his utmost to capture the \$20,000. It is Sullivan's last hurdie should he be defeated by Kilrain, and, judging from the surroundings, everything looks favorable for his being so, unless some unlooked for accident occurs. At what point the battle will take place no one will know except Kil-



HE GOT IT ON THE NOSE.

rain and his representatives and Sullivan and his backers, and the latter will not be informed on this point until June 27, which is ten days before the time set for the battle.

New Orleans, however, will be the starting point from which those who intend witnessing the fight or fiasco will have to go to where they will, at the proper time, be notified how to reach what will be, after July 8, a historical battle ground.

Kilrain will probably remain at his training quarters, running ten miles daily, rowing, boxing and tossing dumbbells until July 2, when, with a select party of Baltimore and Washington sporting men, he will leave for the battle ground. Among the party who will accompany Kilrain from the Monumental City will be Charley Carroll, who was referee when Billy Edwards and Sam Collier fought for the light-weight championship; John Charles, of Baltimore, now in Chicago; John Rooney, Joe Kaiser, Charley Goodman, Bolly Lewis and Ras Levy.

Charley Carroll will be umpire for Kilrain, and those who know him by reputation will allow that there is no use wrangling with him.

A special party is to leave Buffalo for the mill, while several sporting men from Winnipeg are also going to make the journey. A large delegation will leave St. Louis and Cincinnati. Louisville and Chicago will also send a delegation.

THREW HIMSELF INTO A WELL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

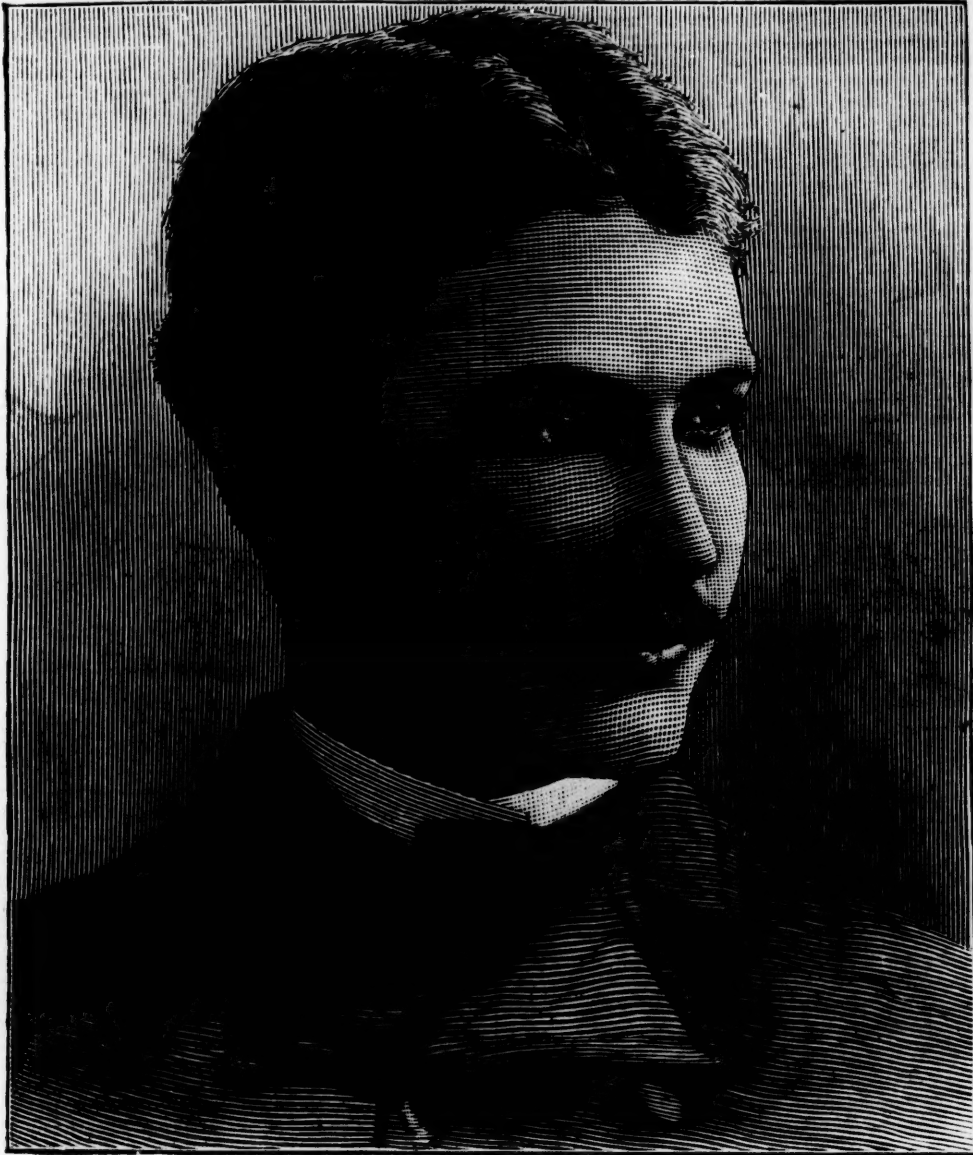
About two years ago Emery Stone, twenty-five years old, then living near Maysville, Ind., fell from a building and was so badly injured that he has been an invalid ever since, suffering at times the most intense pain. Recently he committed suicide while his sister was absent. Stone worked his way to a large well by the use of two chairs. Not being able to walk, it is supposed that he would sit on one chair while he would move the other around toward the well and then shift his body from one chair to the other until he reached the fatal spot, when he plunged headforemost into the well. His body was found a short time afterward.

THE PERPETRATOR AND VICTIM OF A MURDER.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

One of the most brutal murders on record was recently perpetrated in Paterson, N. J., when Tunis Labbe, a Hollander, carved his wife to death and then cut her up piecemeal. Jealousy was the cause of the inhuman act, and Labbe, who is now in durance vile, stands an excellent show of having his neck stretched. We present their pictures elsewhere.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$2.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



WILL T. KEOGH,
A YOUNG AND ENTERPRISING THEATRICAL MANAGER OF CHARLESTON, S. C.



MERRY EDITH MERRILL,
A JOLLY GIRL WITH A PRETTY FIGURE AND A LIGHT, FANTASTIC TOE.



INSULTED A MARRIED WOMAN.
FOR WHICH MR. JESSE CASE OF ALDEN, IOWA, HAD TO LEAVE THE TOWN, BEING DRIVEN OUT DURING A HEAVY RAIN STORM.



JAMES A. WALSH,
THE WEALTHY WALL STREET COOPER, WHO SMOTHERED
MANY A FIRE IN YE OLDEN TYMME.



ROBERT HOLMAN,
NOW OF PORTLAND, OREGON, WHO RAN WITH THE MA-
CHINE ACROSS THE RIVER.



EX-COUNTY CLERK JOHN J. WHITE,
A JOLLY OLD-TIMER WHO HELD THE NOZZLE WHEN BROOK-
LYN WAS A BABY.



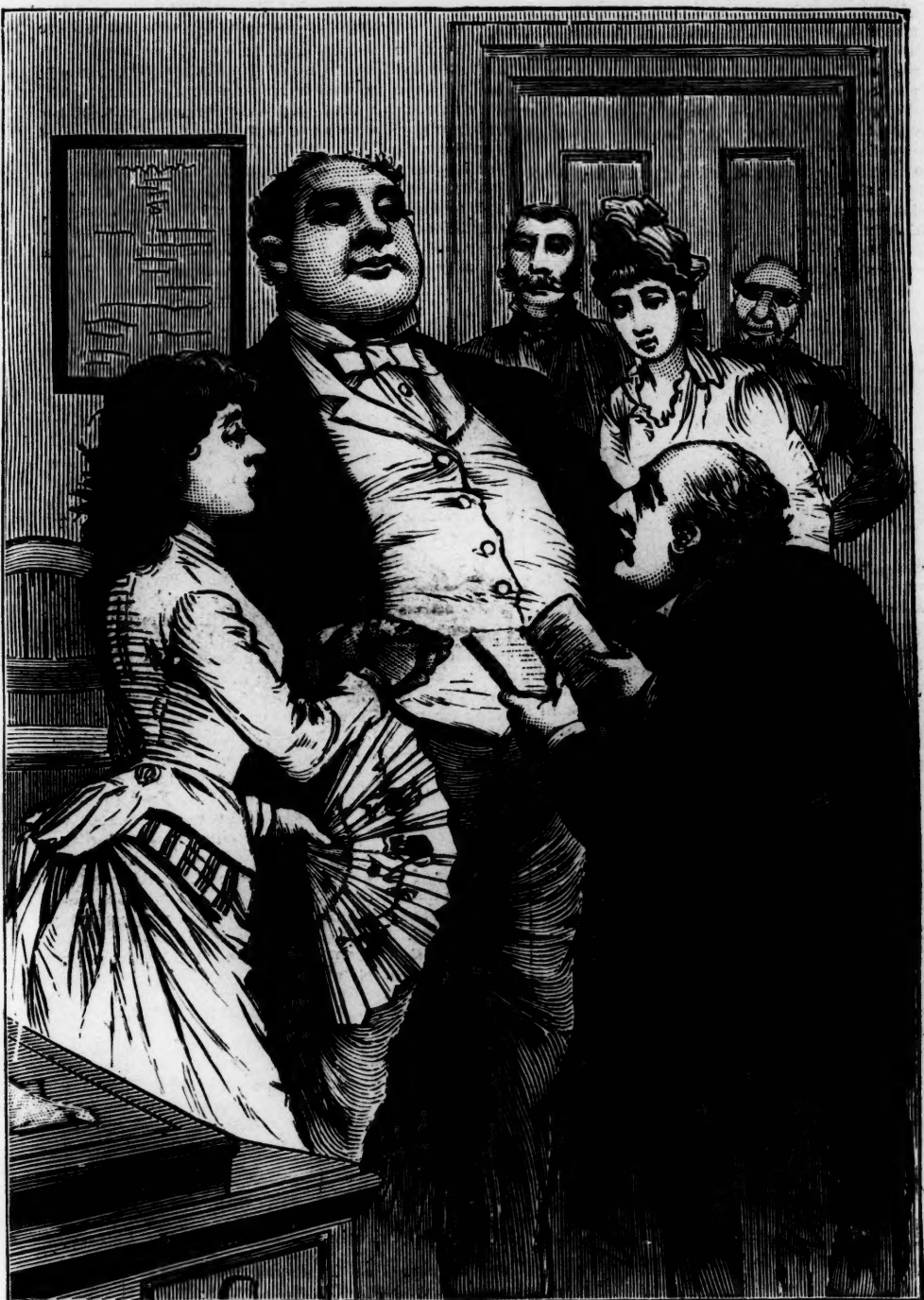
TUNIS LABBE, MURDERER,
THE MAN WHO SLASHED HIS WIFE INTO PIECES IN PATER-
SON, NEW JERSEY, RECENTLY.



MRS. TUNIS LABBE,
THE VICTIM OF HER HUSBAND'S INSANE JEALOUSY, WHO
DIED OF HER WOUNDS



MARTIN BURKE IN QUOD.
HE IS IN JAIL IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, AS AN ACCOMPLICE
IN THE CROWIN MURDER.



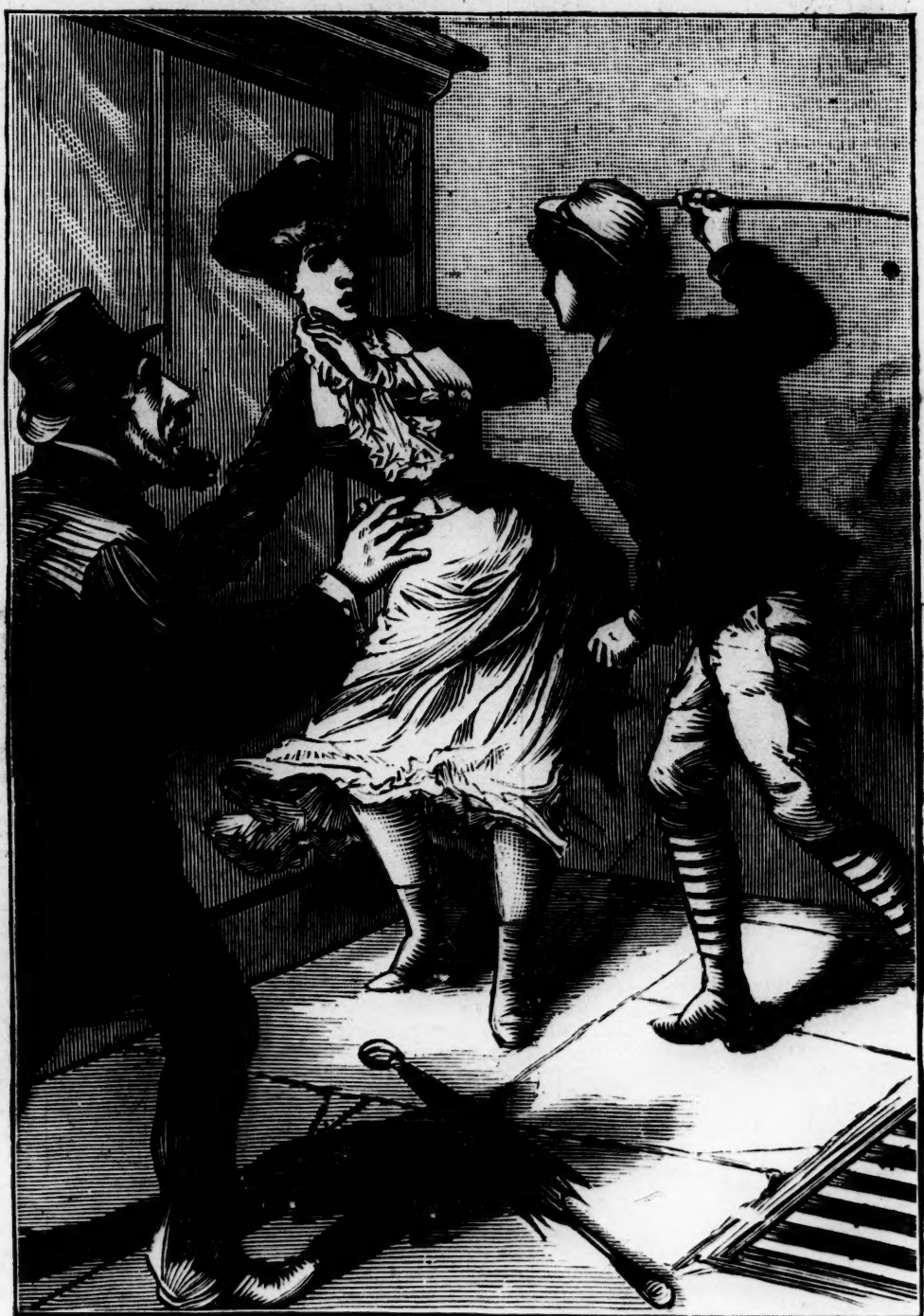
MARRIED HIS NIECE.
MR. SAMUEL KING OF TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, MARRIES HIS
NIECE, MISS ANGELINE ALLISON.



SWEPT INTO A SEWER.
A BALTIMORE LAD NAMED RAPHAEL F. FERANDI IS DROWNED IN A STRANGE
MANNER WHILE AT PLAY.



THREW HIMSELF INTO A WELL.
EMERY STONE, A MAYSVILLE, IND., CITIZEN, WHILE SUFFERING FROM A PER-
MANENT INJURY, TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.



DRESSED IN BOYS' CLOTHING.
MISS JOSEPHINE WICKHAM OF GOSHEN, INDIANA, COWHIDES A WOMAN WHO IS
ON THE WAY TO MEET HER FATHER.

THE SUBURBAN.

Over 30,000 Spectators at the
Coney Island Jockey
Club Meet.

BIG BOODLES BET.

Over a Million and a Half Dol-
lars Estimated to Have
Changed Hands.

RACELAND CORRALES THE CAKE

And "Snapper" Garrison, Who
Rode Him to Victory, Re-
ceives an Ovation.

EXCITING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Over thirty thousand spectators journeyed to the Coney Island Jockey Club on June 18 to witness the 1889 Suburban, a turf event which annually attracts universal interest in all parts of this country and the Dominion. Over a million dollars was wagered in various sums from \$2 to \$5,000 on the probable winner and second horse.

There were hundreds who would not risk the crushing which they saw was inevitable, and waited patiently for the wildly eager ones who had no care or even thought for the common courtesies of life in their mad desire to put their five or ten dollars up. Some of the large betters, who are well known to the bookmakers, managed to attract the attention of the latter and, if their voices were strong enough, shouted out the amount of money which they desired to place, or else held up as many fingers as they wished to play hundreds of dollars, and the bookmakers recorded the bets and delivered the tickets after the craze was over.

A small fortune was taken in by them, however. Some held Raceland out, and their books averaged about \$2,000. Those who laid against the Billet-Calomel gelding averaged \$3,500. It is safe to say that each of the seventy-five bookmakers took in \$3,000, which would make a total of \$225,000. Add to this \$38,525



THE RUSH THROUGH THE GATE.

played into the mutual boxes, and the money placed in the ante-post betting, and that played in the pool-rooms of this city and elsewhere throughout the country, and \$1,500,000 is not an overestimate for the amount of money that changed hands on America's greatest race.

The Dwyer Bros. sent out a heavy commission on Bella B., and their commissioner was followed around the ring by the small betters, who always take their cue from the Brooklyn brothers. The wealthy friends of August Belmont placed their hundreds on Raceland, and the small army of men of small means who always back the favorite followed suit with their fives and tens. In addition to the stable money, Badge was supported by a large sum from the pockets of the Baltimore contingent, who came on for the purpose. Many of those who had taken flyers at Terra Cotta in the winter books, wisely hedged out on Raceland, but the Chicago stable's crack was so heavily backed that he was an even favorite.

After the horses came to the post intense excitement prevailed among the crowd. First came Terra Cotta, with Jimmy McLaughlin up; then Volunteer, Gorgo, Raceland, with "Snapper" Garrison on his back; Badge, bestrode by "Spider" Anderson; Bella B., with Taylor up; Elkwood, mounted by Daring Devil Fitzpatrick; Eurus, carrying Hayward, and Brian Boru,

with the pride of Clifton and Guttenburg. Marty Bergen, in his pigskin.

At the start Senator Hearst's feet Gorgo shot off in the lead, and, closely followed by Raceland and Terra Cotta, kept in front. At the mile, with only 440 yards to cover, it is anybody's race, and the jockeys and the horses—the best in America—make "their run." They have begun to race in earnest now, and Garrison feels that the time has come to call on Raceland. He never used his whip, only shook out the last whip in the reins and gave the great horse his head. Hamilton



THE LADIES EXCITED.

gives a frightened look behind him as he hears Raceland drawing nearer and nearer, and down comes the cruel whip upon the quivering sides of the game little filly.

And now Raceland's nose is at Gorgo's saddle-skirts. The two jockeys could shake hands with each other. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the Snapper gains on the black filly. Now they are on even terms, neck to neck, head to head; their hot breath almost mingles, they are so close together. How mercilessly the black boy plies the lash, and how bravely his beautiful horse tries to respond! For a brief moment they are on even terms.

How the crowd yells and shrieks! Every one is crazy with excitement. Men stand up on seats and shout till they are red in the face. They are howling the name of the horse they are betting on, and seem to feel that they can hasten the flying group. And now the backers of Brian Boru enjoy one brief moment of ecstatic pleasure, for the old brown horse with a rush comes past Eurus, and for an instant it looks as though he had a chance. Just then, sweeping away on the outside with a grand burst of speed, comes Terra Cotta. McLaughlin's persistent urging has had its effect. The



AT THE BOOKMAKERS.

mighty son of Harry O'Fallon is at last showing some of his old-time speed. His admirers shriek until they are hoarse: "Terra Cotta! Terra Cotta!" The space between him and the flying Brian Boru is quickly covered, and a moment later he has passed the brown. Now he is close behind Eurus; now he passes him, and only two flying horses are between him and victory—Raceland and Gorgo.

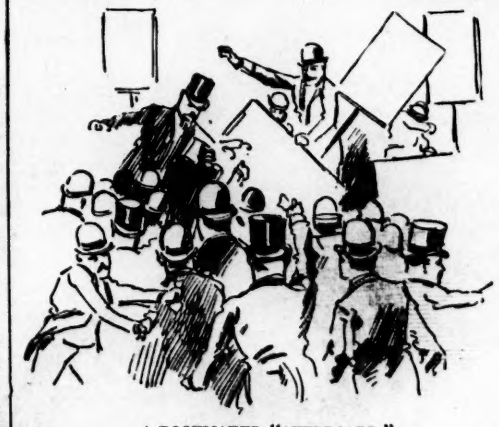
A glance ahead at Raceland, and McLaughlin knows the race has been won. For Garrison has again urged the great bay, and Gorgo drops back so easily beaten that Garrison ceases to pay any further attention to him and turns to watch Terra Cotta. He holds his whip in his hand, ready to ply it at the first sign of danger; but his gallant horse needs no such urging; half a length, then a length he shows to the good, and then a gleam of daylight shows between him and Gorgo, with Terra Cotta coming like a whirlwind down the centre of the track.

They have passed the sixteenth pole now and Raceland is still ahead, with Gorgo next and Terra Cotta only half a length behind.

The great roar of the crowd greets the horses as they reach the head of the betting-stand and the exultant yells of the men who have bet on Raceland fill the air. Easily, surely he is keeping his lead. McLaughlin makes one last desperate effort to catch him. Again are the rivals of 1887 pitted against each other.

"Come on, Jimmie!"

"Come on, Garrison!" yell the friends of the two great jockeys, who now make a lane with their eager



A BOOKMAKER "OVERBOARD."

faces on both sides of the track. It is not a fair test for McLaughlin, but he does his best. He closes up on Gorgo, however, although little Hamilton is making almost superhuman efforts to push the black on to victory. For an instant the contest is a desperate one,

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and the two horses fight every inch of the ground. Then the noble head of Terra Cotta shows to the front, and reluctantly, slowly, the black falls back beaten.

And now they are almost under the shadow of the string, and Raceland, still without whip or spur, is gal-



THE LADIES' SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

loping on to a sure victory. Terra Cotta is close behind, with Gorgo fighting by his side. Three lengths away is poor old Eurus, followed by Brian Boru, and behind, to the great sorrow of many a Western bettor, is little Badge. Then comes Elkwood, and away off down the stretch are Volunteer and Bella B., after all their ostentatious efforts ignobly walking home.

And so they came under the string, while the great crowd cheers till the air is a babel of sound, and hats go high in air and men shake hands with men they have never seen because their horse has won, and ladies wave their handkerchiefs and laugh and wave again, and another Suburban has been won and lost.

The time is hung out. It is 2:00 4-5, fast under any circumstances, and very fast for the track, which, although surface-dry, is holding and inelastic. The fractions were run as follows:

Quarter, 24 1/2 seconds; half, 50 seconds; three-quarters, 1:17, and mile, 1:43 2-5.

After Garrison, the champion jockey, had weighed in he was handed the huge floral horseshoe which is always given to the winner. Two stalwart stable hands seized the doughty Garrison, and, placing him upon their shoulders, carried him from the track in triumph in the wake of the speedy gelding on which he won his first Suburban. As Garrison was passing beneath the club house Mr. Belmont looked over the rail, and the jockey, removing his cap, bowed his acknowledgment to the smiles of his employer. Mr.



GARRISON'S FRIENDS ENTHUSIASTIC.

Belmont saw the race from the club house surrounded by his friends, and when the great gelding dashed past the post the victor he was warmly congratulated.

SUMMARY.

The Suburban, a handicap sweepstakes of \$100 each, half forfeit, and only \$25 if declared by Feb. 20; the association to add the amount necessary to make the value of the race \$10,000; the second horse to receive \$2,000 and the third \$1,000 out of the money so added; weights to be announced Feb. 1; winners, after publication of weights, of a race of \$1,000, 4 pounds extra; of two of \$1,000, or of one of \$2,000, 8 pounds extra; of three of \$1,000, or of two of \$2,000, or of one of \$5,000, 12 pounds extra; in the case of horses handicapped at 115 pounds or over, these penalties shall apply to the extent of one-half, and in the case of those handicapped at 122 pounds or over, to the extent of one quarter only; one mile and a quarter; 58 entries.

A. Belmont's b g Raceland, 4, by Billet, dam Calomel, 120 pounds.
Chicago Stables' ch h Terra Cotta, 4, by Harry O'Fallon, dam Laura B., 124 pounds.
G. Hearst's blk f Gorgo, 4, by Incomity, dam Flirt, 110 pounds.
A. J. Cassatt's b h Eurus, 4, by Solus, dam Majestic, 122 pounds.
A. Castle's br h Brian Boru, 5, by Algerine, dam Quarantine, 90 pounds.
McClintock & Roche's b c Badge, 4, by The III Used, dam Baroness, 120 pounds.
W. Graetz's ch h Elkwood, 4, by Solus, dam Minnie Andrews, 120 pounds.
F. Gebhardt's b c Volunteer, 4, by Moriemer, dam Sly Boots, 100 pounds.
Dwyer Bros.' b f Bella B., 4, by Enquirer, dam Colosse, 110 pounds.
*Did not finish; both bolted at the upper turn.

Time: 2:00 4-5.

Won by a length and a half; half a length between second and third.

Betting: Raceland, 9 to 5 and 3 to 5; Terra Cotta, 12 to 5 and 3 to 5; Badge and Bella B., 7 and 3 to 1 each; Volunteer, 12 and 5 to 1; Gorgo, 15 and 5 to 1; Eurus, 25 and 5 to 1; Elkwood, 40 and 12 to 1; Brian Boru, 100 to 1 and 50 to 1. Mutuals paid: Raceland, \$14.85 and \$11.20; Terra Cotta, \$10.00.

The previous Suburbans were as follows:

Year	Horse	Weight	Starters	Time
1884	Gen. Monroe	6, 124 pounds	20	2:11 1/4
1885	Pontiac	4, 102 pounds	15	2:09 1/4
1886	Troubadour	4, 115 pounds	20	2:12 1/4
1887	Eurus	4, 102 pounds	20	2:12 1/4
1888	Elkwood	5, 119 pounds	17	2:07 1/4

The value of the stake as run is \$3,075, which leaves the Coney Island Jockey Club to add \$6,325 to bring the value up to the guaranteed value of \$10,000, of which Mr. Belmont receives \$7,000, the Chicago Stable \$2,000 and Senator Hearst \$1,000.

The fractional time of the Suburban is: 24 1/2, 50, 1:17, 1:43 2-5, 2:00 4-5. This shows Gorgo to be a wonderful mare, as she made the pace all the way after the first half, and even then was pumping Volunteer. Terra Cotta closed up a lot of ground in the final three-quarters of a mile, and there will be a horse race when he meets Raceland at even weights.

THREE BRAVE BROOKLYN VETERAN VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

On another page we present the portrait of one of Brooklyn's oldest firemen, Mr. Robert Holman, who is now a resident of Portland, Ore. Mr. Holman, or "Bob," as he is called by his old-time associates, came East a few weeks ago and the old "boys" whooped things up for him in a way that made his merry eyes twinkle. After a week's sojourn here he started back for his newly chosen home, wondering if Brooklyn was a land of eternal youth.

Ex-County Clerk ex-Alderman, ex-Superintendent of the Poor and now Millionaire John J. White is depicted on the fourth page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Jolly John White is an old-timer from way back, and he held the nozzle when Brooklyn was a baby. Every man in the City of Churches knows where White's corner (Myrtle avenue and Fulton street) is, and there every evening can be found Johnny and his whole-souled brother, Frank, and a coterie of old cronies, who crack the foundations with their stories of back-number fires and the holocausts they have battled with.

Elsewhere in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found the handsome features of James A. Walsh, now a wealthy Wall street cooper, out who, in his younger days, was one of the fleetest-footed firemen of our Sister City. Mr. Walsh is a leader of the "Vets," and has served as president of that organization. He is a hale gentleman well-met, and claims still to be able to man the tongue, the nozzle or the trumpet, should occasion demand it. He is now one of Brooklyn's leading citizens, but has a kindly word and a friendly shake for all of his old comrades.

JAMES KEENAN DEAD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Keenan, Boston's best known sport, whose face and figure were familiar in every gathering of sporting characters from Maine to California, died at his home in West Somerville on June 16, his death resulting from a short attack of dropsy, complicated with heart trouble. Keenan was 53 years old at the time of his death, and was born in county Westmeath, Ireland. He came to this country when a lad, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion entered the navy, serving faithfully in the Union cause till the end of the war. He has since conducted several well-known saloons in Boston, his last location, on Portland street, being a noted resort. Keenan personally always kept within the law, and among sporting men his word would be taken for any amount of money. He was best known as a shrewd and successful backer of pugilists, carmen and sprinters; originally took up John L. Sullivan, backing the latter in his \$10,000 fight with Paddy Ryan. Afterward the champion and his backer fell out. Then he took up Jake Kilrain, and has since taken a lively interest in the latter's ventures in the ring. He at one time was a steadfast backer of the sculler, John Teemer. He brought out Fred Plaisied and Wallace Ross, and as a backer and manager of "double cross" sprinters had no equal in this country. On the road and the turf, Keenan was best known as the owner of Emma B., with a record of 2:22, won at Philadelphia, Oct. 2, 1879 and afterward sold to Richard K. Fox, and also of Frank, whose record with running mate is 2:03 1/4. He leaves a widow and three sons, and his fortune is estimated at \$150,000. His loss is deeply regretted by his friends.

KILLED IN A TERRIBLE MANNER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A week ago, while a young lady by the name of Yocum, of Ellensburg, Washington Territory, was out horseback riding, her saddle turned and her foot caught in the stirrup. The horse ran, dragging the young woman three miles, tearing and mangling her body beyond recognition.

LADIES IN LUCK.

They Draw a Prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

They Receive One Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars Each.

Mrs. J. D. Collins, wife of an engineer on the East Tennessee Road, and a friend of hers, Mrs. J. W. Little, are in luck.

They have drawn a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery amounting to twenty-five hundred dollars.

Mrs. Collins was seen at her home, 91 Windsor street, by a Journal reporter this morning.

"Yes," she said, in answer to the reporter's question as to the truth of what he had heard, "I have drawn a prize in the lottery."

"My husband has been buying lottery tickets ever since we were married, ten years ago. He would buy a ticket every month or so, but never drew anything. About four months ago his luck changed and he drew \$15 dollars. He and some of his friends went into partnership and bought a ticket which drew two hundred dollars, but they only received one-twentieth of it."

"Just before the last drawing my husband suggested to me that I buy a ticket and try my luck. I took Mrs. J. W. Little, a friend, in as partner, and we bought ticket No. 34,281, for which we paid fifty cents each."

"After the drawing came off we received a circular with the number we had encircled with a pencil mark, and on looking at it we found that our ticket had drawn one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$50,000, which was \$2,500. We went to Lowry's bank and drew on the lottery for the money."

"I received \$1,250 and Mrs. Little received the same. We had to pay the bank \$3 for collecting the money. We have not decided what we will do with our money, but have it in the Gate City National Bank."

"Will Mr. Collins try his luck again?" asked the reporter.

"I cannot tell. He may stop now that he has drawn a prize through me, or he may continue in the hopes of drawing another.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, May 30."

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A VERY LARGE BORE.

The "Police Gazette Fiend"
Drops a Goat.

PROHIBITION KANSAS.

How the City Hall and the Municipal
Buildings Were Scooped
by Capricorn.

ONE SIGN OF THE ZODIAC.



HE Kansas Legislature has made an appropriation of several hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of boring into the landscape of that State to "see what can be found."

There are a great many things to be found in Kansas without boring into the landscape, and the latest scheme of the

legislators has caused the denizens of the divide to unbutton their ears and open their eyes as to the meaning of the whiffiness of the how.

I have just returned by the grand trunk line—baggage car—from Kansas, and may be able to elucidate. Kansas occupies a large gob on the map of the U. S., and is located on the opposite side of State Line street from Kansas City, Mo.

Kansas has as yet developed no natural gas wells, if the prohibitionists be excepted, and the bore may be for that purpose.

As the State is a strictly prohibition one, those interested may have a yearning to ascertain where the Pro-Cocktail contingent obtain their coffin varnish, as it is a cross-my-throat fact that a majority of the citizens indulge, clandestinely, in the barbed-wire brand of liquid paralysis, and it has always been a question where they obtained it. The only legitimate place where it can be obtained is right across the street in Missouri, and many citizens avail themselves of the opportunity. By standing in the middle of State Line street, a Kansan can enjoy a pleasure which is not vouchsafed to the resident of any other clime, as he can straddle the boundary and be drunk in two States at the same time, and the only way he can be punished is by coaxing him across the line, for it would be against the law to arrest the Missouri half of his body—as whiskey is a legal tender in that State—and by stretching his lungs across the car-track it would be a nice little legal question as to which State he was howling in.

Another thought suggests itself in this connection. In August last, while myself and Kansas City were temporarily residing together on the banks of the Big

had disappeared through the goat's slot, and as he catered down street with the rest of Kansas kicking at him and aiding in his hegra, he sounded like a Salvation Army band scouring for recruits.

The goat was never seen again. He wandered out into the surreptitiousness of the clandestine, and with him disappeared all the right, title and interest in and to that portion of Kansas, with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof. He was also full of testaments and codicils, *hic jacit, habens corpus, double entendres, sum quique, bona fides, nolle prosequi, mandamus* and other bad words which the legal flesh is heir to.

Since the abetment of the goat to return to Kansas and be post-mortemed, the State has been in an uproar. Citizens who purchased property can't prove it, and devisees are unable to divide up their grandfather's farms according to the terms of the bequests. The goat's midnight meal has wiped out nearly every boundary-line in that section, and murderers, footpads, train-robbers and highwaymen worship right in the same pew with the good folks of the bellwick, in no fear of apprehension until the goat turns up with the papers.

Several stranger-goats have been ruthlessly murdered, but the autopsies have disinterred nothing but the usual bric-a-brac natural to the peregrinating bon vivant, delegate from the Grampian Hills. Pet goats have been compelled, by means of the sub-rosa stomach pump, to show up their true inwardness, but have always proved an alibi, while tramp goats galore have



THE RECORDS ESCAPE.

been bailed out and have given evidence of no assets save the orthodox tinware and brown paper lining.

The goat, the goat, which is at present officiating as a Hall of Records, is still meandering in the gloaming, and it may be that the State authorities have decided to bore through the gloaming for Capricorn.

Quien sabby? as we say in broken China.

The broken style of weather that has recently been sent in from the West would seem to indicate that the monopolistic animal had been monkeying with the aforesaid gloaming and had been fracturing it up into bargain-counter lots. When a goat with a stomachache full of Western boundary lines gets monkeying with the gloaming the weather is liable to be mussed up even beyond the recognition of its parents.

QUEVEDO.

PEDESTRIAN THOMAS E. ENGLISH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas E. English is well-known in amateur athletic circles. He first developed as a fast sprint runner about six years ago while he was a member of the Empire City Athletic Club, now defunct. While a member of this club he broke the 220-yard hurdle record at the Manhattan Athletic Club games, July 4, 1892. He joined the Pastime Athletic Club in the fall of 1893, and won many prizes in amateur meetings in and about this city while a member. He at present is a member of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City. His best record for 100 yards, from the scratch, is 10 3/4 seconds.

LOWERED HERSELF FROM A WINDOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most novel escape was made from a private institute in Dedham, Mass., recently, by a young lady who had been sent there for petty larceny. The young lady's name is Lillian Knowles, and she is well known as a whistler. She lowered herself from one of the rear windows in the institute, and then took to the woods and remained there until night. She then came forth and, seeing a vehicle passing, she hailed the driver and asked for a ride, which she got. On the way she told the driver she had escaped from the institute and was going to Boston. She has not been seen since.

MARTIN BURKE IN QUOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present a picture of Martin Burke, who has been identified as one of the alleged accomplices in the murder of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago. Burke was arrested in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and a detective was sent from Chicago to bring him back, but he has been unable to do so as yet, as Burke is fighting against it. On last Friday morning Expressman Martensen arrived in Winnipeg for the purpose of identifying Burke. A lot of men were picked up in the street and placed in line in the jail yard and Burke put among them.

The little expressman then came into the jail yard in charge of a policeman. Martensen glanced hurriedly down the line until his eyes rested on Burke, who was trembling like a leaf. The expressman had identified the suspect, but his face did not betray his discovery. With a stolid expression Martensen walked down the line until he reached Burke. Then he ceased for a moment and passed on.

Burke's condition was pitiful. It looked as though he would fall to the ground. He knew that he had

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been identified, although there was nothing in the face of the expressman which would have led him to form such an opinion.

Martensen walked slowly down the line. When he returned he again looked sharply at the cringing Burke, and then passed hurriedly into the jail. Then he told the officers that the suspect was the man who called himself Williams, and who had hired him to carry the furniture to the slaughter house on Ashland avenue.

Burke was quickly placed behind the bars and his guards doubled. He had nothing to say. He seemed completely unnerved. He never asked if Martensen's visit had been successful. He appeared to realize that he was doomed. It is believed that he will make a full confession before many days.

There is said to be plenty of evidence against Burke in Chicago. He was known to have lots of money, which he confessed he had never worked for, and when drunk he has been heard to say that all English spies ought to be killed.

SPORTING MAN ARNOLD VAN LOGHEM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Arnold Van Loghem, better known as "Dutch Arnold," was born in the Old Country, in the kingdom of the Netherlands, in Zeist, Province Utrecht, in the year 1868. He came to this country in 1888, and has followed sporting, and now keeps a billiard hall and bar in the little city of Kalamazoo, Mich. He is a lover of fast driving stock, and is the owner of some very fine blooded horses, also of blooded fighting dogs. He has kept saloon for fifteen years in Kalamazoo, and is well known throughout the State of Michigan.

SWEPT INTO A SEWER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

After a rain storm in Baltimore recently, Raphael F. Ferandi, a youngster aged eight years, was playing in the water that flooded down the gutters of the street. He was standing in the middle of the water, which was a foot and a half deep and had a firm hold on an iron post. Presently he let go of the post to get a ball he had dropped, and in doing so he slipped and fell into the stream, which carried him down the street and swept him into a sewer. A man went down the sewer after him, but he could not be found.

CHAMPION R. H. RUEBSCHAW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of R. H. Ruebschaw, the club-swinging, who won the "Police Gazette" medal for the championship of Illinois. Ruebschaw is one of the most expert Indian club swingers in this country. He defeated Gus Hill, who is billed as champion, and is ready to meet all comers for the championship, which title he can assume when he posts a forfeit and issues a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE to compete against any man in America.

IN THE COILS OF A SNAKE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Benedict, a farmer, who lives north of Peru, Ind., sent his young son to drive home the cows recently, and, as the son failed to return, his father started in search of him, and was horrified to find him lying in the woods in the coils of a monster black snake. The lad was unconscious, and, luckily, the snake had not bit him. Benedict at once killed it, and had to cut his snakeship twice in two before the boy could be released.

AP JIM AND HIS CARVING KNIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Chinaman named Ap Jim, who was employed by Mrs. Johnston, of Ellis street, San Francisco, as a cook, had a dispute with her about his work recently, and attacked her with a carving knife. Mrs. Johnston's sister interfered and was dangerously slashed on the arm. At this point a boarder put in an appearance and gave the Chinaman a right-hander in the face that knocked him down. Only for the interference of the boarder, Mrs. Johnston would have been murdered.

WILL T. KEOGH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Will T. Keogh, the subject of this sketch, entered the theatrical business in 1877 at the age of fifteen; as programme boy in Owens' Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., and was soon promoted to box office, assistant manager. After three years on the road, embracing a tour through Mexico, he returned to Charleston and became manager for the late John E. Owens, and at Owens' death became lessee of the theatre, which he still is.

A LUNATIC LOOSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The people of Peru Bottoms, in Dubuque county, Iowa, have for the past two weeks been terrified by a lunatic, who has taken to the woods and who nearly beat a farmer named Heins to death recently. They have tried to capture the man, but have been unsuccessful, for when they near him he dashes off, not stopping for sloughs or ponds, but wades right through them.

DRESSED IN BOYS' CLOTHING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensation was created at Goshen, Ind., recently by Miss Josephine Wickham, who dressed herself in boys' clothing and terribly cowed an unknown woman who was on her way to meet her father. The girl then went for the old man, and read him the riot act in large sized tones. The family is well known and among the best there.

INSULTED A MARRIED WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An operator named Jesse Case, who was employed by the Illinois Central Railroad at Alton, Iowa, insulted a married woman on the street recently. This so enraged the people that they formed a White Cap band, and gave Case notice to leave town and, although a hard rain was pouring down, Case left at once.

MARRIED HIS NIECE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A queer marriage took place in Transylvania county, N. C., recently, between an uncle and niece. Mr. King, the bridegroom, is a little, fat, old man, and is sixty-three years old, while the bride, Miss Angeline Allison, is but twenty-three, and quite stout. Squire J. J. Shipman officiated.

A MANIAC'S MURDER.

While Insane, Nicholas Perrell, of
Cincinnati, Kills His Wife
and Attempts Suicide.

Cincinnati came to the front last week with one of the most horrible murders on record. Nicholas Perrell, a well-known citizen, was the perpetrator of the crime and his wife was the victim. It is but due to Perrell to say that he committed the deed while he was insane, and that he then irresponsibly endeavored to cut his own throat.

Of course an insane man or woman is better off sequestered from the general public, and that course will, no doubt, be pursued in Perrell's case.

The scene of this sickening tragedy was in a little

brick cottage, No. 19 Turner alley, the latter being a quiet thoroughfare near the junction of Harrison and Spring Grove avenues, the denizens being for the most part working people in moderate circumstances. The building in which the deed was done was occupied by the dead woman, Mrs. Mary Perrell, her husband and murderer Nicholas Perrell, and

Mrs. Stegner, a widow, who lived in the apartments above those in which the killing took place.

So quietly did the maniac do his bloody work that even Mrs. Stegner had no intimation of what had occurred, and the body laid for nearly forty hours before it was discovered. Perrell in the meanwhile walking about with a cut in his throat that opened into the wind-pipe. This last discovery was not made until after Perrell was locked up at the Oliver street station, and then it only became known through the impediment it caused in his speech during his conversation with Sergeant Kilmeyer.

The neighbors notified the police of the murder, and Officer Woodruff hurried to the scene.

"Where is your wife?" asked the officer.

"She is inside," was the prompt answer.

"Can I see her?" was the next question.

"Certainly. Step inside," replied Perrell, as he led the way into the kitchen. Stepping through a little hallway, he opened the door of the middle room. As he did so a terrible stench smote the officer's nostrils, almost nauseating him. Peering through the gloom, he saw the bloody corpse of the woman lying on the bed, with her hands crossed upon her breast and a white handkerchief tied around her head to keep her jaws closed. Retreating to the outside, he was followed by Perrell, whose manner had entirely changed, the sight of the corpse having a saddening influence upon him. He admitted having killed his wife, saying as he did so about having unwittingly those who were following him. On being placed under arrest he begged the officer to be allowed the privilege of killing himself, offering him \$20 if he would permit such action. Seeing that he had a lunatic to deal with, the officer at once hurried him away to the Oliver street station, where he notified Lieutenants Scallill and Gill of the affair.

They at once repaired to the house of death and assumed charge of the apartments and the effects owned by the couple. It was some time before the rooms could be sufficiently ventilated so as to permit the officers to remain in them any length of time. When light was admitted a peculiar scene struck their eyes, forcibly bringing to mind the famous Hartnett wife murder. On the mantelpiece, beside the bed on which lay the already decomposing corpse, was arranged a crucifix and a couple of wax candles stuck in cruciform glass candlesticks. Evidently, after finding that he had killed his wife, he arranged the temporary altar on the mantelpiece, as Hartnett did, and then composed her limbs after the fashion of an undertaker. Of this, however, he has no recollection.

The body, which was in charge of Constable Ben Willinger, was permitted to remain in the room until the arrival of Coronor Rendix, who viewed it. At the Oliver street station Perrell told Officer Woodruff where to find the weapon he had used—one of his razors—which he had replaced in his shaving case. As he stated, it was found there, still bearing the traces of the blood with which it had been deluged. On being removed to the City Hospital it was found that he had cut himself twice in the throat. One, a deep cut about two and one half inches in length, had partly severed the windpipe. His injury was pronounced not serious.

A BLOODY DUEL BETWEEN COUSINS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some time ago John Manion, a young farmer of Fayette, Mo., and his wife separated on account of the attentions of Richard Fowler, a cousin of Manion, to Mrs. Manion. Recently Manion and Fowler met, and each pulled his gun and they began to shoot at each other. After emptying their revolvers both men stood up and pounded each other with the butt ends. When the battle was over it was found that Manion was shot through the stomach and chest, from which wounds he died later, and that Fowler was wounded in the neck and both arms.

JUMPED FROM RACEWAY POINT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An unknown woman, who is supposed to have come from Boston, committed suicide recently by jumping from Raceway Point, at Prospect Park, Niagara. In an instant after striking the water her body was carried over the American Falls, and was soon afterward found floating in the river below.

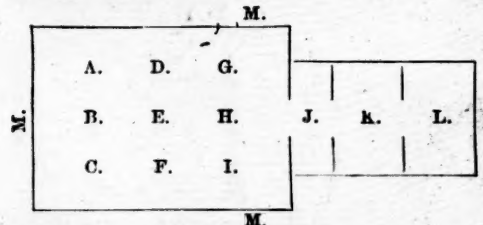
KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$2.50 to this office. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



THE RECORDS DISAPPEAR.

Muddy, an untoward happening happened over in a quiet city across the line, known as Argentine.

One night the Mayor of a certain Kansas town went out visiting, forgetting to lock up the City Hall. The City Hall of the divide is built en suite, something after this style:



A—City Hall. B—Post Office. C—Store. D—Surrogate's Court. E—County Clerk's Office. F—Register's Office. G—Bed. H—Stove. I—Gun. J—Goatery. K—Sheriff's Office. L—Cowery. M—Kansas.

Feeling lonesome without the Mayor, the inmate of the goatery got tired of cohabiting with the gun and other live stock, and meandered into the City Hall. When the Mayor returned the goat was as fat as a bass drum, and his eyes were bulging out like twin butter crackers. He had struck a lode. (The compositor will please not print it "load.") During the Mayor's absence the horny-headed son of thimble had been searching titles in the County Clerk's and Register's offices, had probated a large number of wills in the Surrogate's Court, had got up a corner in the vegetables and garden truck appertaining to the store, had chewed up all the postal cards and stamps, and was as sticky and as full of dead and dying letters and parchment as a combination glue foundry, morgue and banjo factory.

The result can be imagined. All of the Kansas records



THE POLICE GAZETTE
JAKE KILRAIN WORKING OFF SUPERFLUOUS FLESH BY BIFFING THE B



TE CHAMPION IN TRAINING.

E B N HIS TRAINING QUARTERS WHILE CHARLEY MITCHELL KEEPS TALLY.

UMPIRES IN ARMOR.

They Can't Do the Ostrich Act and Save their Bodies.

CANADA'S B. B. SCIENCE.

The Louisville team still continues to puzzle the public. They are exceptionally strong, and play good ball, but it is on rare occasions when they fail to get the short end of the string.

The Kansas City people are being well satisfied with their team, and they would not part with their franchise for a nice round sum.

Pitcher Gastright was robbed of \$80 and a railroad ticket last week. What was his condition and where was his railroad ticket to?

The other League Clubs complain bitterly of the deal they get from the umpires in Boston. There seems rather funny, especially as the press of Boston give their correspondents in other League cities special instructions not to say anything against an umpire in their reports. Can it be that these journals are inciting Boston crowds to encourage unfair umpiring?

Detroit let McGilone go and Toronto gobbled him up. Doubtless before the end of the season the Detroit will find that they made a blooming mistake.

It seems to us that Richter was a trifle previous when he said: "Now that Mr. Day is out of the Jersey City club, that organization will receive very little notice from the New York papers we presume." In the first place, Mr. Day is still proprietor of the Jersey City club. In the next place, we fail to see wherein Mr. Day's being in or out of the Jersey City club has anything to do with the notices given that club by the New York press, unless it be in the *Sporting Times*, of which he is the sole owner and proprietor.

Umpire Holland thought he could go up back of the bat with impunity when he had on a mask. But, like an ostrich, he discovered that in hiding the head only the rest of the body remained exposed. After having his collar bone fractured he is now of the opinion that the only protection for an umpire is a full armor suit.

Big Jim Davis does not seem to realize that he is getting old and bordering on being classed among the back numbers. He calls it hard luck, and fears he will be released if he does not have a change of luck. Therefore he is doing everything superstition can suggest in order to bring about the desired change.

In referring to Hoover's release, Anson speaks in a very sad tone. He is now among the leading catchers in the business, but "Jumbo" did not have a chance to see what was in him, as he had a finger knocked out before he caught half a game for Chicago. "Ans," with his usual big head, thought he would save money for spaulding by releasing Hoover instead of carrying the dead wood until the finger would get well. He now realizes that he was penny wise and pound foolish.

Since Manager Watkins got out of the League and into the American Association, he is making himself solid with the latter body by feeding them on honey, as he says, in speaking of the success of the Cleveland: "They play American Association ball, and that wins every time."

Faust wanted to show the Cleveland people how much he had improved in his kicking qualities, while on the Eastern trip; so he gave them an exhibition at a cost to himself of \$100. Fossenden kept slapping on the fines till he got blue in the face.

Barnum explains his rotten umpiring by saying that, under President Young's instructions, all close decisions should be given to the home club, and he is simply carrying out his orders. This is a most wretched excuse for his many miserable blunders, as on the home grounds he calls everything close that is within half a mile of the objective point, or 30 minutes after play is over.

The Cincinnati reporters are kept very busy at present teaching their representative club how to play winning ball.

There is every reason to believe that baseball will become an international game, since a contest between two Spanish teams has drawn four thousand spectators to witness a game in Cuba. It is fully believed that it will only be a few years until the game will be taken up by every nation upon the face of the globe.

Anson must feel somewhat chagrined that his predictions as to the standing of the various League clubs have never come true. He is like the rest of us. He is better at prophesying after than before an event.

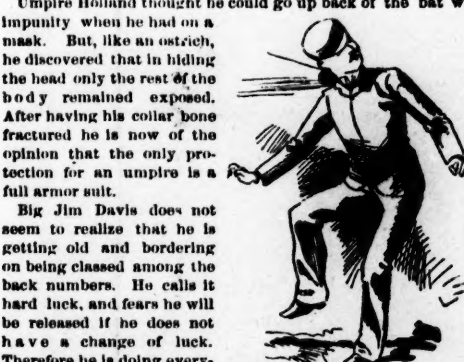
Kearns and Oldfield are great favorites in Toronto, and they each were recently presented with diamond rings by admiring friends.

The Pittsburgh club beats the deck for making a poor mouth. We have never heard of their making any money since they have been in the business. On the contrary, it has always been their cry that they lost about forty or fifty thousand dollars. But, somehow, the following season found them as ardent as ever for the sport. Thus far they only claim to have lost \$10,000, but then the season is young yet.

McCall did not have the call with London, as it is the general impression that the town can produce third-rate amateurs who can play better ball.

Old bills are not quite as good as fresh ones. To Manager Chapman's great surprise the Syracuse club's share of the gate receipts at Toledo was attached for a bill for groceries, amounting to \$28, which his catcher had hung up in 1884. Chapman properly refused to accept the balance of the money tendered him.

Gus Schmeiz has made himself very solid with the Philadelphia people. They think him an able manager and a man of most excellent judgment. Gus was just shrewd enough to catch on by predicting that the Athletics will win the championship.



ship of the American Association this season. They have placed Gus on record over there, so that he cannot work the same racket in any other Association town. Manager Harry Wright, of the Philadelphia club, took his cue from Schmeiz, and gave the Cleveland a little taffy, and received this in return from the Cleveland *Platender*, viz.: "Harry Wright, bless his honest old heart, says that Cleveland put up the best game of any club that visited Philadelphia this season."

They have baseball down to a science in London Canada, and when you do not come up to the mark it is sure to come out of your pocket. They took a man for the least provocation. Why, even when Cain was hit for six runs by the Rochester club he was fined \$25 and slung out of the game.

The Canadians must have gone wild on the subject of making presents to players. In addition to the diamond rings the Toronto gave Kearns and Oldfield, the London people have clubbed together and purchased an elegant gold-headed cane as a present for Umpire Dooscher.

George Smith is back in his old form, and the style in which he is covering short is extremely pleasing to the Brooklynites.

Jim Mutrie bought a knife with a pair of scissors in it for fifty cents. He broke the scissors out and took it to a cutlery store to have a new pair put in. The fellow did not have any scissors, and put in a large pruning blade. When Jim went in for his knife the fellow charged him seventy-five cents. Jim looked at him a little bit, then said: "Well, the original cost was half a dollar, so I will let you keep the knife as part pay, and I will give you the other quarter the next time I come along this way."

The Cincinnati club have been very badly broken up this season from the medicine they have been obliged to take in the shape of criticisms which have been crammed down their throats by the Cincinnati press.

It would be unkind to say that the League had a number of fossil managers, but it must be admitted that Jim Hart and Tom Loftus, two ex-Association managers, who have made their debut in the League this season, have placed their respective teams—Boston and Cleveland—first and second in the championship race.

The Cleveland *Platender* has made a discovery that Faust's \$25 fine and Tebeau's \$10 fine do not go, owing to Umpire Barnum failing to notify Secretary Young through the regular way that the players had been fined. Oh, come off. It is pretty nearly time to take a drop.

Chris Von der Ahe says he is not trying to purchase Stratton's release from the Louisville club; but, on the contrary, he is using every means to prevent the Louisville from disposing of him to any other Association club. In this Chris shows his long head, as by keeping any other club from strengthening up by securing this valuable pitcher, he increases his own chances for winning the pennant. When Chris lets a trick go by, you can gamble that it will be a euchre if he picked it up.

The Boston and Philadelphia clubs ought to feel grateful for the recent rainy weather, as that is all that prevented them from being beaten clean out of sight while in New York.

Says an exchange: "Pitcher Sam Shaw has been released by the New Yorks to reduce expenses. He won twelve out of thirteen games, exhibition and championship, in which he pitched." That is just like Newark. They always release a man who has some prospect of getting employment elsewhere. The possibility is that if he did not have so very fine a record he would still be with the Newark club; but, as it is, he is now at his residence in the Monumental City waiting for something to turn up.

Says the Boston *Globe*: "Well, Buck, what are you going to do out West? 'Why, we'll kill 'em,' was Ewing's reply." Murder is a terrible crime. No doubt Buck began to realize this fact as he journeyed Westward, therefore, when he struck Cleveland he became tender-hearted, and instead of slaughtering the players of that town, humbly submitted to death himself, as he permitted the Cleveland to beat the New Yorks by a score of 10 to 1.

Halpin's stay in Newark was short and sweet. He did not suit the people and the people did not suit him. So it was just a matter as to which would pull up the stakes first.

The brilliant style in which the Cleveland Club have been playing ball this season has a rather taken the wind out of the sails of the other League clubs. There is so much snap and go ahead about them that many of the League managers are beginning to tumble to the fact that they have held on to their players a trifle too long; that young blood is something that is sorely needed in their ranks.

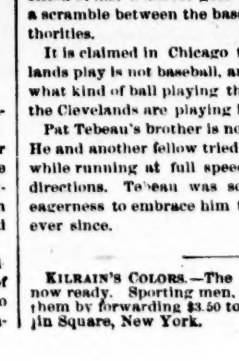
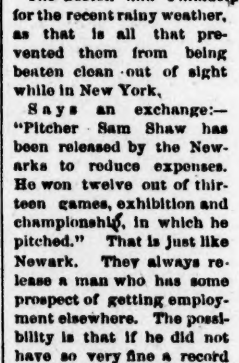
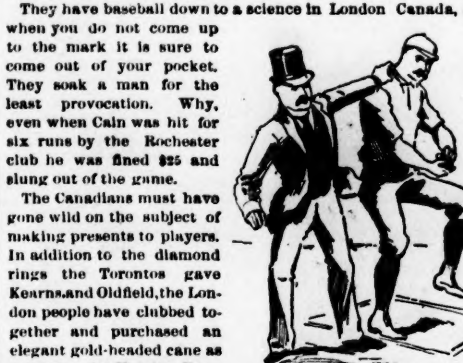
Talk about dirty ball playing, Seward, of the Athletics, is in a fair way to become an expert. During the Athletic-St. Louis game of June 17, at Philadelphia, Seward made no pretext whatever of decency, but deliberately ran five feet out of his way in order to jump on Robinson's prostrate form. It was about as barefaced an outrage as has ever been seen.

A diligent search is now being made for Walter R. Staples, the king pin baseball umpire of the world. He is the only umpire in America for whom the players have profound respect. No one ever thinks of disputing his decisions or giving him any back talk. In fact, they all know better than to attempt it, as Staples has a very persuasive way of hauling out a knife and piercing through the man's heart who questions any decision of his. Whoever gets him first has him, and there is quite a scramble between the baseball officials and the Tennessee authorities.

It is claimed in Chicago that the style in which the Cleveland plays is not baseball, and ought to be ruled out. No matter what kind of ball playing the League people may think it to be, the Cleveland are playing it, and they are winning, too.

Pat Tebeau's brother is not playing with the Wabos at present. He and another fellow tried to catch a ball at the same time, while running at full speed toward each other from opposite directions. Tebeau was so much put out at the other man's eagerness to embrace him that he has been on the dry dock ever since.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



ALL 'ROUND SPORTING.

Psotta, Champion Oarsman, Knocked Out by Jaundice.

ENOCH TURNER KILLED.

The following special cable was received at this office June 21:

LONDON, June 21, 1899.

Psotta, the American amateur champion oarsman, who was to row for the diamond sculls in the Royal Henley Regatta, is seriously ill with yellow jaundice, and will not be able to row in the regatta.

Harry Searle, the champion oarsman of the world, is expected to arrive here Thursday.

Backers of Ted Fritchard, the middle-weight champion, will match him to fight any 10 stone 10 pound man in the world for \$500 a side and the championship of the world.

Betting at the Victoria, Beaufort and Albert Clubs on Sullivan and Kilrain is 6 to 4 on the latter.

(Signed) ATKINSON.

The St. Louis Jockey Club moves with the times. They have secured the services of an elephant to drag the big roller and scraper used on their track.

In the race for the St. Louis Brewers Stallion stakes for two-year-olds on June 11, Theo Winters' California-bred youngster, El Rio Rey, won in a canter.

At the American Jockey Club on June 11, the racing feature was the success of Fred Gebhard's Volunteer for the first race. It is a long time since "Freddie" had a winner.

Gen. Wm. T. Withers, the noted horse breeder, aged 64 years, died at Lexington, Ky., on June 16, from the effects of a wound received while storming a fort during the Mexican war.

Jimmy McLaughlin, the jockey, has engaged to train Pierre Lorillard's Rancocas stable, and he will ride no more. McLaughlin is now 28 years old, and he finds it very difficult to train down to 116 pounds.

Lord Dunraven says the Valkyrie fully answers his expectations. He thinks the Volunteer will be the boat selected to meet the Valkyrie, and admits that in heavy weather the Volunteer will have the advantage.

Frank White, the well-known pugilat, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on June 18, and desired through this paper to return thanks to Reddy Gallagher and Jack King for courtesies received while he was in Cleveland.

Abbe de Jouarre, the filly that won the English Oaks last week, started at odds of 200 to 1 against her. She runs in the name of Lord Randolph Churchill, though she is owned by Col. North, the American nitrate man. The pair won a lot of money on the filly.

Enoch Turner, killed in a race at West Side Park, Chicago, recently, was one of the oldest jockeys in the country, being in his first year when death overtook him. He had been engaged to ride for old man Gray's stable, both for this season and for last, and had the mount on Galen when he won the Quikstep at Washington Park last year, and again on the same mount when he ran third to Frolic Knot in the great Futurity. At short distances Turner had but few superiors as a jockey in this country, and in getting away with the flag he certainly was as good as the best.

At Cincinnati, on June 13, there was an interesting pigeon shoot, Al Bandle of Cincinnati and H. McMurry of Syracuse shooting against W. C. Budd of Des Moines, Ia., and H. A. Parmelee, the expert, of Omaha, Neb., for \$100 a side, American Shooting Association rules. Each shot at 50 live pigeons. Budd and Parmelee won by one bird. The scores resulted: Bandle lost his 2d, 11th, 24th, 25th, 32d, 36th and 44th, scoring 42. McMurry lost his 3d, 6th, 13th, 30th and 45th, scoring 47. Team score, 88. Budd lost his 7th, 11th and 36th, scoring 47. Parmelee lost his 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 30th, 24th, 38th and 42d, scoring 42. Team score, 88. Budd's team winning the match by one bird. Three of Parmelee's and two of Bandle's birds fell dead out of bounds.

On June 15, at Providence, R. I., the 100-yard foot race for \$500 a side between Jack Gibson, of England, and Mike Slattery, of Providence, attracted a large crowd. There was brisk speculation on the result. About 40 minutes were used up in scoring. Slattery endeavoring to get the start off in each trial. About three minutes before the word was given a shower set in, making the track heavy, and Gibson began to show signs of nervousness. Finally the word was given, Slattery in the van. For 50 yards they ran about even, when Gibson's wind gave out, and Slattery gained gradually, coming in a winner by less than half a foot. The time was 10-1-5 seconds. Gibson was badly broken up over the result. Slattery's time over a soggy track was phenomenal.

The record for speed on the wing by American birds, which has stood since June, 1883, at 1,464 yards per minute, was broken on June 15 by the birds of the Oregon Club, of Philadelphia, in their journey from Concord, N. C. Two birds owned by John Blood flew 423.5 miles in 2 1/2 hours, an average speed of 1,476 yards per minute. The entry in the race was: John Blood, 7; John Diggle, 7; H. Hackman, 3; George Hornberger, 3; William Hunter, Jr., 1; James Work, 6. The arrivals at 4 P. M. were:

Owner.	Birds.	In loft.	Distance.
Blood.	2	1:35 P. M.	423.5
Diggle.	1	1:35 P. M.	423.5
Work.	1	1:35 P. M.	423.5
Blood.	1	2:57 P. M.	423.5
Hackman.	1	3:50 P. M.	423.5

The famous rifle team of the Massachusetts militia, who since '88 have captured each year the regular army and navy and the militia medals for marksmanship, sailed for England on June 18, where they will meet all the crack military rifle-teams of Great Britain. The men selected to go are: Captain, Major J. P. Frost, 2d Brigade; Adjutant, Major G. H. Benton, 5th Infantry; Quartermaster, Lieut. S. B. Newton, 1st Cavalry; Sergeant Major, O. H. Marlon, 1st Infantry; Major C. W. Hinman, 1st Brigade; Lieut. S. S. Burnstead, 2d Infantry; Lieut. R. B. Edes, 5th Infantry; Lieut. W. G. Hussey, 8th Infantry; Sergeant Major W. M. Merrill, 2d Brigade; Sergt. W. C. Johnston, 2d Infantry; Sergt. M. W. Bull, 2d Infantry; Sergt. George Doyle, 5th Infantry; Corporal W. D. Huddleston, 1st Infantry; Private F. R. Bull, 2d Infantry; Private L. T. Farnsworth, 2d Infantry; Private W. M. Farnsworth, 2d Infantry.

The following are the ages, weight and height of the Columbia College crew, who are to figure in the inter-collegiate races for the supremacy at the oar:

COLUMBIA'S COLLEGE CREW.	Age.	Wt.	Ht.
A. Wright, '88, stroke.	23	155	6.11
C. S. Harris, '92, No. 7.	18	160	5.11
G. Gray, Dental, No. 6.	20	175	5.10
D. D. Fair, Dental, No. 5.	22	190	6.1
H. H. Sypher, '90, No. 4.	21	160	6
W. S. Davenport, Dental, No. 3.	21	170	6
W. E. Van Loan, Medical, No. 2.	20	160	5.11
H. R. Luhn, Medical, bow.	21	165	6.1
G. Deacon, coxswain.	21	104	5.7

FRESHMAN CREW.

H. M. Jackson, stroke.	20	155	5.10
C. S. Harris, M. S.	18	160	5.11
R. B. O'Sullivan, No. 6.	21	170	6
D. D. Fair, No. 5.	22	190	6.1
C. J. Silver, No. 4.	21	160	5.11
W. S. Davenport, No. 3.	21	170	6
W. E. Van Loan, No. 2.	20	160	5.11
H. R. Luhn, bow.	21	165	6.1
J. H. Mohr, coxswain.	17	101	5.6

In the hose-running team race at Clinton, Mo., on June 14, for the championship, distance 300 yards, seven companies were entered, but the interest, for some reason, seemed to settle almost entirely upon the Phoenix, of Clinton, and the Southwest Mail, of Nevada. The latter were the champions

last year, and the Phoenix was looked upon as the only team that was likely to take the laurels from the S. W. Mail boys. The following is the score in the companies run: Phoenix, of Clinton, 48 seconds. No. 2, Fayetteville, Ark., 55 1/2 seconds. Rescue, of Carthage, 56 1/2 seconds. Germania, of Fort Smith, Ark., did not make any time. They made a splendid run, but the ladder was broke while the run was being made, and the climber did not attempt to mount it. It was unfortunate, as the company scored at least 50 seconds. No. 1, Pittsburg, Kan., 50 seconds. Southwest Mail, Nevada, 48 1/2 seconds. No. 1, Fayetteville, Ark., 52 1/2 seconds.

At a well-known sporting house on Long Island, on June 17, there was a rattling glove contest between Jim Mullins and Stretch Fogarty for \$100 a side. Liney, Tracy and "Baron" Hutchinson seconded Mullins, and Ollie Benson and Frank Bushman looked after Fogarty. Mike Galvin was referee. In the first round Mullins cut Fogarty's upper lip and knocked out two of his teeth. In the third Fogarty landed a stiff upper cut and sent Mullins clean off his pins. In the fourth the calamity happened. Mullins made a vicious rush at Fogarty, who was standing in front of the glass door, and Fogarty jumped quickly to one side. Mullins did not stop himself and he dashed full force into the glass, and carried casing and all with him in his descent. The sports rushed down stairs and found Mullins moaning with pain caused by cuts on his face, chest, arms and legs. A doctor was brought as soon as possible, but the injured man will not be able to go out for several weeks. He was game, though, and challenged Fogarty to meet him again as soon as he gets well.

THE PRITCHARD-BURNS FIGHT.

The prize fight between Ted Fritchard, of London, and Alec Burns, of Battersea, who had signed articles to fight at 148 pounds for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of England, was fought at Lambeth, London, England, on June 6.



At the weighing Fritchard scaled 146 pounds and Burns weighed 147 pounds.

ROUND 1—As the pair put themselves in position after the handshaking was over, Fritchard looked more than the inch difference in height that there was between them. Very little sparring was indulged in before Burns shot out his left, which landed on Ted's chest, and ducked his head under the latter's return. Both stepped back and then returned to the attack. Fritchard landing straight on the throat, and Burns on the side of the head in a manner which made his supporters jubilant.

Both missed with the right, and got to close quarters, where some sharp half-arm fighting ensued. After breaking away Burns rushed in, and got home with the left, but nipped a rare stinger in return, which sent him clean across the ring, but he quickly recovered himself and rushed at Ted, who slipped him, and then with both hands fought him right across the ring into Burns' own corner, where the latter went down, and loud cries of foul were shouted by his seconds and friends just as the timekeeper ordered them to their corners.

2.—On again taking the centre of the ring it was noticeable that Burns had not thoroughly shook off the effects of the grueling he had received just at the close of the previous round, and Fritchard quickly delivered both hands on the throat and ear, when they again got to close quarters, and the referee ordered them to break away. No sooner had they done this than Burns hit out viciously, but Fritchard was not at home for the visit, and cleverly slipped out of danger, but as Burns followed him quickly, sent him back and down in his own corner, when there was again more cries of foul. Burns struggled to his feet again, but was quickly driven to another corner, where, after receiving more punishment, he fell down in a helpless state, clutching at the rope as he did so, and as he failed to rise again in the stipulated time the referee, amidst much confusion, declared Fritchard the winner, the fight having lasted 5 minutes 55 seconds, most of the company assembled immediately taking their departure from the scene of action.

Only 150 persons were present, and among them Lord Mandeville, Mr. Joseph Cannon, Mr. R. Marsh, Ned Donnelly, Sam Blandford, Mr. Isay Abrahams, Mr. Arthur Coburn, Mr. Abington, Mr. Joe Vesey, Mr. Frank Hinde, Mr. Wally Cole, Mr. Sam Mordcau, Mr. Phillips, Mr. John Bull, Mr. G. Dougall, Mr. E. Bayley, Mr. Diddot, Mr. D. King, Mr. Johnson (Mr. Abington's private secretary), Mr. Will Riley, Ted Burge (of Newcastle), Mr. George Barrett, Mr. J. Fleming, Bill Reader, Mr. Levy Davis, William Beckwith, Frank Grimm, the company mustering about 150 all told. Thunder, lightning and heavy rain heralded the approach of the combatants. Fritchard was the first (in sight) to appear upon the scene, and after a quiet look round left to prepare for the battle.

Mr. Bull started the wagering by offering to bet two "ponies" and then £200 that he named the winner, Fritchard being the favorite. He then followed with 9 to 4 against Burns, and an offer to take £100 to £10 that the fight lasted an hour. Burns first came into the ring, accompanied by his seconds, Jack Harper and Jim Smith (champion of England). Fritchard was on his heels, with Jack Baldeck and Jim Carny. Blacklock was in Burns' corner, and Bob Webb in Fritchard's. R. J. Angle, who was referee when John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fought, acted in a similar capacity.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



BURNS KNOCKED OUT.

KILRAIN'S BATTLE FLAG

"Referee" Tells What He Knows
About the Champion.

JACK ASHTON'S ASPIRATIONS.

Kilrain, the American champion pugilist, is a special type of the wrestling athlete—developed along that one line and arrived at a time in life when flesh cannot ordinarily be kept from leveling up the knobby contour of great muscular development—just as snow smooths out the sharp irregularities of the ground, that are still shown by softer rounded outlines. Grown heavy in the trunk, with full loins and prodigious thighs, the champion's really huge arms are not only large but tremendously powerful, and the fleshy covering of his bulky body covers massive muscles—still tough and enduring.

A writer in the New York "Sun," June 16, says: "Had Sullivan been present at the benefit for the poor Johnstown sufferers on Thursday night the roarers would have had almost positive proof that he did not intend to fight. He would have had to give up four days of his time in order to be present, and in those four days he would not only have lost the benefit of that term of training, but would have gained flesh, which would have taken him two additional days to remove. In other words, he would have lost a full week's training. Charity is a great thing, and no man has ever been quicker to respond to its demands, according to his means, than this same John L. Sullivan. He has serious faults, and no one has been more assiduous in pointing them out than the writer of these lines, but rigidity is not one of them."

Kilrain had just as much at stake as Sullivan, and he made no plea or excuse, but left his training quarters and did box for the sufferers in Johnstown.

If Sullivan could not spare time to tender his services to such a charitable object, how was it that he could leave his training quarters to give a wrestling exhibition at Gloucester, and then to again appear at a show in New York city?

The writer of the "Sun's" article must find a better excuse than the flimsy pretext that he could not leave training, or else he would have appeared at the charitable show in aid of the Johnstown sufferers.

With regard to Kilrain's display with Charley McKeel at the benefit of the sufferers of the flood at Johnstown, the "Sun" of June 16 says: "Kilrain's appearance and the cleverness with which he handled himself at long range in his bout with McKeel made him many friends. He is yet fully fifteen pounds too heavy for perfect condition, and his eyes have a sleepy look, but that is their normal appearance. In close quarters he did not show himself a match for 'Charley' in cleverness. It must be remembered that in-fighting is one of Sullivan's strong points. When he makes his rushes at a man there is no cessation of his blows until his man is downed. His half-arm blows are terrific, and if Mike Cleary has by this time imparted to him the secret of his half arm jolt, Jake may never have a chance for a fall; that is, of course, if Sullivan goes into the ring anything like the Sullivan he was. However, July 8 is rapidly approaching, and when it arrives we shall all know more than we do now about this matter."

Yes; if the Governor of Louisiana would send a regiment of soldiers to the battle ground, and the colonel of the regiment would form a hollow square round the ring, so that no one but the men; and their seconds, umpires and the referee could enter the inclosure, it would be the Brooklyn Bridge to a brick house that Kilrain would win.

There are only three things that will be a drawback to a result of the great battle—a failure of Sullivan to enter the ring; a refusal to agree upon a referee, and the prospects of the ring being broken into when Kilrain is winning.

Kilrain will enter the ring. He will agree upon any square sporting man who is disinterested filling the position of referee. He will battle strictly according to the rules, and if Sullivan is able to win he will acknowledge Sullivan to be the champion.

Kilrain believes he can defeat Sullivan, and he is going to do his best to win; and he will be in condition, well prepared to battle for three hours or more if necessary, and he will have plenty of friends present who will see that if he is able to win nobody will prevent him from doing so.

Kilrain's battle flag is the handsomest ever issued by any American champion since John C. Heenan's colors were issued for his great international battle with Tom Sayers in 1880 for \$2,000 and the championship of the world.

Kilrain's colors are a large white silk kerchief 4x30. The border is green and white covered with shamrocks, and in each corner of the border is a four-leaf shamrock.

In the center is a large figure of Kilrain in full ring costume in fighting attitude. Underneath is a spread eagle colored in gold, and below is depicted the "Police Gazette" champion belt in bright colors.

In the upper left-hand corner is the American flag, which represents the champion's native country, and under the folds of which he fought Jim Smith, England's champion and did not allow the nation's colors to be either disgraced or trailed in the dust.

In the upper right-hand corner is a fac simile of the coat of arms of Baltimore, Md., the State in which the champion resides, and in which State Kilrain is held up as the pugilistic idol of the day.

In the lower left-hand corner is the Irish shield, in dark green, on which is the Harp of Erin, colored in bright yellow. This emblem represents Ireland, the land from which his parents came, and a country of which Kilrain is proud.

On the right-hand lower corner is the American shield in red, white and blue, which also gives the champion's battle flag a decidedly American aspect.

Kilrain's colors will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$2.50. They are made of fine silk, and the kerchief alone is worth the money.

Sporting men are patiently waiting for the 8th of July, the day on which the great fight is to take place by Boston's Hercules, Sullivan, and the Pollux of the prize ring, Kilrain. Never in the history of pugilism was there so much interest in the anticipated meeting of two gladiators in the fistic arena as there is over the battle between Kilrain and Sullivan for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$20,000 and the championship of the world.

Betting on the great fight is becoming very lively. The memorable meeting of these, the great fistic gladiators, will take place July 8, within 200 miles of New Orleans.

The stakes, the largest ever fought for, and the belt are in the custody of Mr. Al Cridge, of the bookmaking firm of Cridge & Murray.

The betting on the result is heavy throughout the country, and is by no means confined to professed sporting men, but a good deal of it is being done by staid business men. Straight-laced church members, too, are planking their little bets on the "dead quiet."

The clerks in stores and offices are laying wagers with one another, and even the shopgirls and salesladies have

caught the fever and are venturing candy and knick-knacks on their respective favorites.

Since his victory over Paddy Ryan, over seven years ago, almost every move of Sullivan has been chronicled in print and telegraphed over the country.

By that defeat of Ryan, the then champion, he sprang into prominence as the pugilistic marvel of the age. He has received an amount of adulation and flattery without precedent in the annals of the ring, such, indeed, as has never been bestowed on any other fighter.

Kilrain first came into prominence as an amateur sculler. In 1880 he was at the head of the amateur oarsmen of the country. About that time he took up boxing, and appeared at several benefits and sparring exhibitions. This made bad feeling among the oarsmen, who accused him of being a professional boxer, and barred him from their aquatic contests on that ground.

He then entered in earnest upon a pugilistic career, thinking there was more money to be made by boxing than as a professional oarsman. Kilrain's popularity is now as pronounced as Sullivan's.

In this city the betting comprises all classes of people, and is in favor of Sullivan at prevailing odds of 5 to 4. There are quite a number of bets of \$1,000 to \$200, and a large number of bets of \$500 to \$100 and \$500 even already made by well-known sporting men.

Betting in all the Western cities is as heavy in proportion as it is in New York. A number of members of the Chicago Board of Trade have from \$500 to \$1,000 bet at odds of \$1,000 to \$500 and \$1,000 to \$500 on Sullivan, lesser amounts being laid on the Boston Boy in the same ratio.

Buffalo, however, is waging just the other way, the odds being on Kilrain. Frank Forestell, John Higgins and Paddy Lyons, known as the "Happy Jack of Buffalo," are among those who have backed their opinions with large amounts of money. Even money from \$100 to \$1,000 finds ready takers, and many a dollar is placed in favor of Kilrain. Dean Wilson, of Buffalo, has put up \$500 even on Sullivan.

The betting in Rochester fluctuates like a barometer. Among those who have big money up are Denny Maloney and Jack Taggart, who have each invested \$1,000 on Sullivan.

Albany's and Troy's greenbacks are going on Sullivan. John Killoran and Messrs. Curley and Fox are in the ranks of the believers in the Boston Boy's prowess to the extent of hundreds.

In Cincinnati, John Moran, a sporting man, well known all over the United States, and others equally as prominent in that city, have formed a syndicate, and intend to go to the fistic fandango and bet from \$1,000 to \$5,000 on John L. Sullivan, who, Moran thinks, is the greatest pugilist in the world.

It was through Moran that Sullivan fought his first fight for money with gloves. John Donaldson was his opponent. He is now Patsy Carill's partner.

In Minneapolis, one of the great pugilistic centers, sporting men are equally divided on the result of the great mill, and the betting varies according to the reports received from the pugilists' training quarters.

A favorable report from Belfast, N. Y., makes Sullivan a favorite, while a special about a 10-mile run by Kilrain sends the Baltimore lad into first place.

At Duluth and St. Paul, also famous for pugilistic encounters, Kilrain is a hot favorite.

At Omaha, also a great sporting city, and famous as the scene of the great battle between Ben Hogan and Ben Allen, who fought for the championship in 1873, Kilrain is the favorite.

Jake Kilrain is in fine condition. There is no denying that, even by his enemies. His legs, unlike Sullivan's, when the latter appeared at the Brooklyn exhibition, are muscular, strong and well-developed. He has no paunch, having trained down pretty well. In fact, the criticisms of the sporting men at Madison Square Garden, when Kilrain made a host of friends by boxing for the aid of the Johnstown sufferers, were decidedly complimentary to the champion.

Some thought his arms were thin. True, his biceps did not swell like those of a gold beater, but the muscles of the back and the triceps, which are the ones that count in delivering telling blows, stood out well. His whole body was supple and every joint seemed oiled.

Frank Stevenson, who will act as Jake Kilrain's manager and adviser in his great battle with John L. Sullivan, is the same person who was the referee in the Heenan and Flies, the Henry and Reagan, the Hopper and Cushing, the Smith and Fallon and the Carney and McAuliffe fistic encounters.

Charley Carroll, of Baltimore, who will fill the position of umpire for Kilrain, is one of the most prominent sporting men of Baltimore. He was the referee when Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards fought for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America, at Mill Creek, West Virginia, in 1873.

There is a movement on foot, backed by very well-known sporting gentlemen of this city and Brooklyn, to push Jack Ashton forward to make a bid for the heavy-weight championship of the world. Immediately after the Sullivan-Kilrain battle \$5,000 will be forthcoming with which to challenge the winner.

There is said to be any amount of money behind Ashton, and one of the most prominent pugilistic managers in the country has declared for the Providence boy and plinned his faith on him. He told the writer that he considered Ashton the coming man—the rising star in the pugilistic firmament.

I see that Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" female rifle shot, who is with the Buffalo Bill show, has made a great hit in Paris. Her rapid and accurate feats at shooting were greatly admired.

Pierre Lorillard has again returned to the turf, and on June 11, at the American Jockey Club, when his filly Blush, with Penny up, cantered by the grand stand on parade just before the first race, his colors (cherry, black hoops on sleeves, black cap, gold tassels) were hailed with a burst of applause, which must have been very flattering to Mr. Lorillard and his friends. His filly ran a very good race, and many wished that she could have won. As it was, she took the place. It is said she was heavily backed by her stable.

The performances of Lord Dunraven's British yacht Valkyrie, built to contest for the America cup in American waters with the swift-sailing Yankee yachts, such as the Volunteer and Puritan, have been so far too varied and uncertain for the formation of a definite idea of her sailing qualities.

She has had three or four trials with the crack British yachts—the Ilex, the Yarena, the Verda, the Amphitrite and the Mohawk, but in neither of those has her qualities been developed sufficiently to place her. With light wind she appears at least advantage than in a good breeze, but with a heavy wind again she seems at fault.

A few days ago, in a contest against every one of the above-named yachts, with a fair breeze she won in handsome manner; but since then, with a fresh strong wind, the Ilex and Yarena both beat her with comparative ease.

REFeree.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloon-keepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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M. J. W., Boston.—No.
W. B., Holyoke, Mass.—No.
T. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—No.
M. J. W., Hartford, Conn.—No.
J. P., Waltham, Mass.—Thanks.
SUBSCRIBER, Gilbertsville.—Yes.
J. W., Connecticut.—The bet is void.
F. W., Springfield, Cal.—Thanks for item.
R. S. L., Kansas City.—Yes; he was released in 1887.
MAC, Washington, D. C.—No. 2. About 150 pounds.
W. E., Colina, Ohio.—We have not the measurements.
IGNORANCE, Sanillo.—The one with the American flag.
T. J. S., Paterson, N. J.—One ten and four fives count 25.
M. J. S., Paterson, N. J.—A wins. 2. B was non-suited.
CONSTANT READER, New Bedford, Mass.—About three months.
A. A., Appleton, Wis.—1. Yes. 2. It is reported she is married.
COLFAX, Washington Territory.—Send \$5 and we will mail you the book.
A. N. J., Lincoln, Neb.—We do not know where you can purchase them.

J. X. L., German Valley, Ill.—50 Nassau street. He resides in New Jersey.

CONSTANT READER, Goshen, N. Y.—Neither will win if the battle is a draw.

E. B., Tyrone, Pa.—No; they boxed six rounds which was declared a draw.

M. J. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. W. G. George, the English pedestrian.

R. W., Brooklyn.—Jake Kilrain's colors will be mailed to you on receipt of \$3.50.

A. B. C., New York City.—Jake Kilrain's colors can be procured at this office.

F. T., Battersea, Eng.—Turner, the jockey who was killed, was a native of England.

T. J., Hartford, Conn.—Mike McCool and Tom Allen were matched three times.

MATTY, New York City.—1. No. 2. 4 minutes 17½ seconds, by Bill Leary and Bill Richards.

W. W. W., Calgary, Alberta.—Jake Kilrain was born in Columbia county, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1858.

J. MCA., Charlotte, N. C.—Sullivan and Kilrain are not to use gloves when they meet on July 8.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It is fair time, but the distance has been run in 24 minutes 35 seconds.

P. T. S., Johnstown, N. Y.—The figure with the American flag round his waist is intended for Kilrain.

CONSTANT READER, Leadville, Col.—1. McCaffrey got the decision, but it was an unfair one. 2. No.

H. M., Hartford, Conn.—1. No. 2. Four points is all that counts for a lone hand. 4. A was only entitled to two.

A. P. S., Baltimore, Md.—John C. Heenan fought John Morrissey before he fought Tom Sayers and Tom King.

M. W. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.—We have no facilities for sending you such information. Procure a racing guide.

S. C. W., Scotia, Neb.—John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain never fought in the prize ring with or without gloves.

W. G., Albany, N. Y.—The excursion to the Kilrain and Sullivan fistic carnival will start from New Orleans on July 7.

A. S. B. A. Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Several pedestrians have run 11 miles in one hour both in this country and England.

P. H. MORGAN, 456 K Street, Market Saloon.—Yes; on two occasions Sullivan and Kilrain boxed at exhibitions together.

M. T. & H. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—It has not been settled what the excursion tickets will be to the Sullivan and Kilrain fight.

W. A. G., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—There is a great deal of difference, but it needs illustrating to explain it theoretically.

DAGO, Harlem, N. Y.—Peter Crawley and Josh Hudson, both defeated Jim Ward. They were, however, Ward's only defeats.

T. J., Haverstraw, N. Y.—1. Kilrain's mother was born in Athlone, Ireland. 2. Kilrain is a native of New York State. 3. No.

J. D., Phillipsburg, N. J.—There is nothing but truth in what you write, but probably after July 8 the paper you mention may change its tone.

M. J., Westchester, N. Y.—1. The "Police Gazette" champion belt is now in the hands of the final stakeholder, who also holds the \$20,000. 2. No.

W. C. S., Paterson, N. J.—George Topley, the champion walker of England, came to this country in 1858. 2. He died several years ago in London.

A READER, Harrington.—1. Several times. 2. Send to this office for "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan." Price, 25 cents each.

J. W. H., Fuller, N. Y.—James Keenan and Billy Madden backed John L. Sullivan when he fought Paddy Ryan, while Richard K. Fox backed the latter.

RICHMOND.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1858, at Boston, Mass. He is 31 years of age, stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and, untrained, weighs 215 pounds.

T. J., New York City.—1. Kilrain is taller and heavier than Sullivan. 2. No. 3. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass., Oct. 15, 1858; Kilrain, Feb. 8, 1859, at Columbia county, N. Y.

A. W. C., Bridgeport.—1. John L. Sullivan's seconds will be Mike Cleary and Jack Barnett. Charley Johnston will be his umpire. 2. The referee will be selected at the ring side.

W. G. S., Albany, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The date of John Morrissey's battle with Yankee Sullivan was Oct. 12, 1853. 3. Sayers only weighed 152 pounds when he fought John C. Heenan.

T. S. W., Hartford, Conn.—Matt Moore, better known as Rocky, boxed with Joe Coburn in the Everett Rooms, in this city, on Oct. 26, 1867, at the benefit of the former, and A. loses.

J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the international battle between Kilrain and Smith for \$10,000 and the "Police Gazette" champion belt Kilrain won first fall, first blood and first knock-down.

C. City Hall, New York.—There was a race horse named General McMahon. He ran at Jerome Park in 1867, and was owned by Thomas G. Moore. We believe he was by Lexington, dam Magenta.

S. J., Philadelphia.—Jim Mace and Tom King fought twice in the ring, and also figured in a hand-to-hand fight. They fought in Tattersall's, London, on Aug. 12, 1867, and Mace had the best of the encounter.

J. S. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Walter Brown and James Hamill rowed five miles for \$2,000 and the championship of America on the Monongahela lower course, Pittsburgh, Pa., on May 21, 1867. Brown won by a foul.

G. C., Boulevard, N. Y.—Wm. McKeever, the driver, came to his death by being knocked from the seat of his sulky by a projecting board purposely fastened to the fence while driving Butler in his match with Cooley on Sept. 22, 1866.

T. New York City.—Bill Poole and John Morrissey fought on Amos street dock on July 17, 1854. Morrissey fought John C. Heenan Oct. 29, 1858. Morrissey was born at Templemore, Ireland, on Feb. 5, 1831. Bill Poole was born at Sussex, N. J., in 1823.

R. T., Broadway, N. Y.—Sullivan boxed with Joe Goss prior to the latter's battle with Paddy Ryan for the championship. Sullivan boxed with Goss at the latter's show at Boston in March, 1880, and the Ryan and Goss fight was fought June 1, 1880.

M. D. S., Paterson, N. J.—Blackstone Belle and John Stewart trotted for \$7,500 on Myrtle Park, Boston, Mass., June 11, 1867. John Stewart under saddle and Blackstone Belle in harness, three miles and repeat. Blackstone Belle won in two heats in 1:58½, 1:56.

S. J. W., Haverstraw.—Joshua Ward won the single scull championship of America in 1835. James Hamill, Walter Brown, Wm. Scharff, Henry Coultter, Evan Morris, George Brown, of Halifax, Edward Hamlin, John Teemer, Jake Gaudaur and Wm. O'Connor have all held the title.

M. J., Hoffman House, City.—Yes; in the fight between Reuben Martin and the Australian Bungaroo, fought at Millen-hall, England, May 12, 1862, for \$200 a side, Martin sold the fight, and on Aug. 11, 1862, Vincent Dowling, of Bell's Life, refused to pay Bungaroo the stakes. He decided that the articles of agreement stipulated that the money must be won by a fair fight, and, as there was conclusive evidence that Martin had sold the fight, he had no alternative but to return each party their money.

M. J. S., Boston.—The spikes to be used in fighting boots must be confined to three in number, and they must not exceed three-eighths of an inch in length from the sole of the shoe, and must not be less than one-eighth of an inch broad at the point. The spikes in a fighting shoe, according to rule, must be placed in the shoe as follows: two in the broadest part of the sole and one in the heel. If there are any other spikes, either in the toe of the shoe or the heel, a pugilist can object to them, and should the party insist on using them or refuse to remove them the penalty is the loss of the stakes.

T. S., New York City.—1. If the second of a pugilist, who is fighting according to London prize ring rules, remains in the ring, after his man has gone to the scratch, longer than eight seconds after the call of time, the referee has the power to decide the man he is seconding has lost the battle. 2. If the ropes or stakes are removed, pulled down or disturbed during a prize ring encounter, the referee has the power to award the victory to the man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest. 3. In the event of any interference during a prize ring encounter, the referee (the stakeholder in case no referee has been chosen) shall have power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day or as soon after as may be.

SPORTING NOTES.

Jimmy McLaughlin may get down to good racing weight.

John Murphy, the famous rider and driver, is ill with consumption.

At Oakland, Cal., recently, Maggie E., 2:10 3-4, was driven a quarter in 35 seconds.

Ayrshire and Donovan, of the English turf, owned by the Duke of Portland, have made \$90,000 for their owner.

Proctor Knott is said to possess all of his old-time speed, but quite after going a half or three-quarters of a mile.

The members of the Golden Gate Athletic Club are great admirers of McAuliffe since he defeated Tom Lee some time ago.

The English 180-pound man, James Ryan, of Birmingham, who recently came to this country, is thought well of in the East.

Jack Havlin has acknowledged that his fighting days are over. He will probably never go in the ring again, unless in a friendly sparring contest.

Centre Grade, a four-year-old trotter, training near Indianapolis, died recently. She was valued at \$10,000, and owned by United States Treasurer Huston.

The crack Terra Cotta, of the Chicago Stable, which is to compete in the Exposition Stakes and Merchants' Handicap, won the Elwood Percheron stakes at St. Louis.

An athletic club has been organized in Waltham, Mass., named the Woodland A. Club. President, James Paige; Vice President, John Briggs; Secretary and Treasurer, M. J. Hines.

In Westchester County, N. Y., on June 11, Ed Meyer, after fighting 5 rounds with Jack Delaney, of Brooklyn, announced that his arm was broken. Delaney had the best of the fight, which was with 3-ounce gloves, for a \$250 purse, which he received.

Bravo, the famous ten-year-old stock dog, died recently at Los Angeles, Cal. Bravo was known in the mining camps of New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Arizona. Bravo was bred in San Juan county, near Durango, and was owned by Dan Lawrence.

The great international wrestling match between Jack Carkeek, the champion of America, and Jack Wannop, the champion of England, who were recently matched to wrestle for \$100 and the championship of the world at Cornish and catch-as-catch-can style, was decided at Plymouth on June 16 and 17, and ended in a draw.

The great nine-day go-as-you-please race, which commences at the Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, on June 29, promises to be a roaring success. Already there appear on the list of entries the names of our most prominent jockeys. Manager Frank M. Slevin says he will spare no pains or expense in completing every detail which will tend to make this, the first nine-day race in the world, the most successful go-as-you-please ever held. Among those entered for the race are: Bert, Cartwright, Hegelman, Connors, Sam Day, Louis Beck, the "human pin-cushion"; W. F. O'Keefe and a number of others. James Albert will probably start the tramps. A newsboy's mile race will be contested on July 4 for Richard K. Fox's gold medal.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Sunbright, Tenn., June 16, states that Walter R. Staples, an umpire, fatally stabbed a baseball player named Hall, at Sunbright, Tenn., recently, during the progress of a game. The Sunbright and Deer Lodge nines were playing, and at a critical point in the game Staples gave a man first base on balls, which incensed Hall, who left the box and a dispute ensued. Hall called the umpire a liar, when Staples drew a knife and plunged it into Hall's heart, killing him almost instantly. The knife was left in the murdered man's breast. Staples made his escape during the excitement and has not yet been captured. Both of the young men live near Sunbright and are highly connected and were cousins.

Jack Hallinan, the well-known sporting man and backer of pugilists, of San Francisco, and proprietor of the Cremorne Theatre, arrived in this city recently on his way to the Paris exhibition. Hallinan is one of the best known sporting men of the Pacific Coast, and he is, without a doubt, the biggest plunger on fistic events. He won \$2,000 when McAuliffe defeated Frank Glover. He wagered \$2,000 to \$1,500 when McAuliffe defeated Mike Conley. He won \$7,000 on Peter Jackson by the latter's two victories over Godfrey and McAuliffe, and he lost \$2,000 on the Warren and Havlin fight. On the Cardiff and Jackson fight he wagered \$3,000 to \$1,200, and when Corbett and Chynakl recently fought in San Francisco Hallinan was in Chicago, and he telegraphed to his manager to put \$1,000 on Chynakl, which he lost. Hallinan is stopping at the Stuyvesant House. He was with Mike McDonald, of Chicago, Al Smith and Johnny Reagan. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, secured Kilrain's colors, and received several letters of introduction to several well-known sporting men in England. Hallinan met Batt Masterson at Denver, and the latter informed him that he was going to the Kilrain and Sullivan fight, and said he had bet \$2,500 against \$2,000 on Kilrain.

Hallinan will sail on the City of New York for England, go to the Paris show and return to England, and it is more than likely he will engage some sporting specialties for his theatre and probably try to influence Ted Pritchard and Jim Smith to accompany him to this country.

In regard to the Dempsey and Le Blanche battle Hallinan said that he does not think Dempsey is as good a pugilist as he was when he was recently on the Pacific Coast, and that it is not too one to that Le Blanche does not win.

Hallinan is well acquainted with Searle, the champion oarsman of the world, and expects to meet him on his arrival in England. Said Hallinan: "O'Connor is a flyer and no doubt the fastest oarsman in this country, but Searle is a wonder and a class ahead of Beach in the latter's best day."

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloon-keepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



AP JIM AND HIS CARVING KNIFE.

A CHINAMAN MAKES THINGS LIVELY IN A SAN FRANCISCO BOARDING HOUSE WHERE HE WAS EMPLOYED AS A COOK.



IN THE COILS OF A SNAKE.

JOHN BENEDIOT OF PERU, INDIANA, DISCOVERS HIS SON UNCONSCIOUS IN THE COILS OF A MONSTER BLACKSNAKE.



AN EQUESTRIENNE'S FRIGHTFUL END.

MISS YOCUM OF ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, IS DRAGGED TO HER DEATH BY AN INFURIATED HORSE.



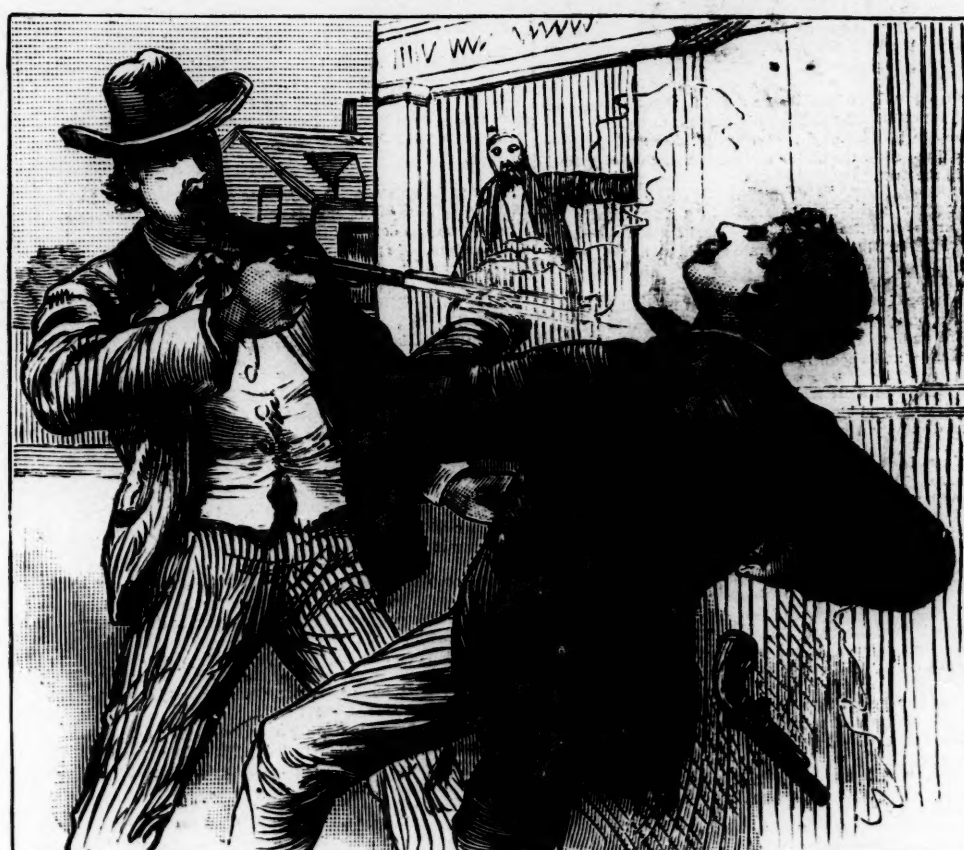
LOWERED HERSELF FROM A WINDOW.

PRETTY LILLIAN KNOWLES ESCAPES FROM A PENAL INSTITUTION AT DEDHAM, MASS., IN A NOVEL WAY.



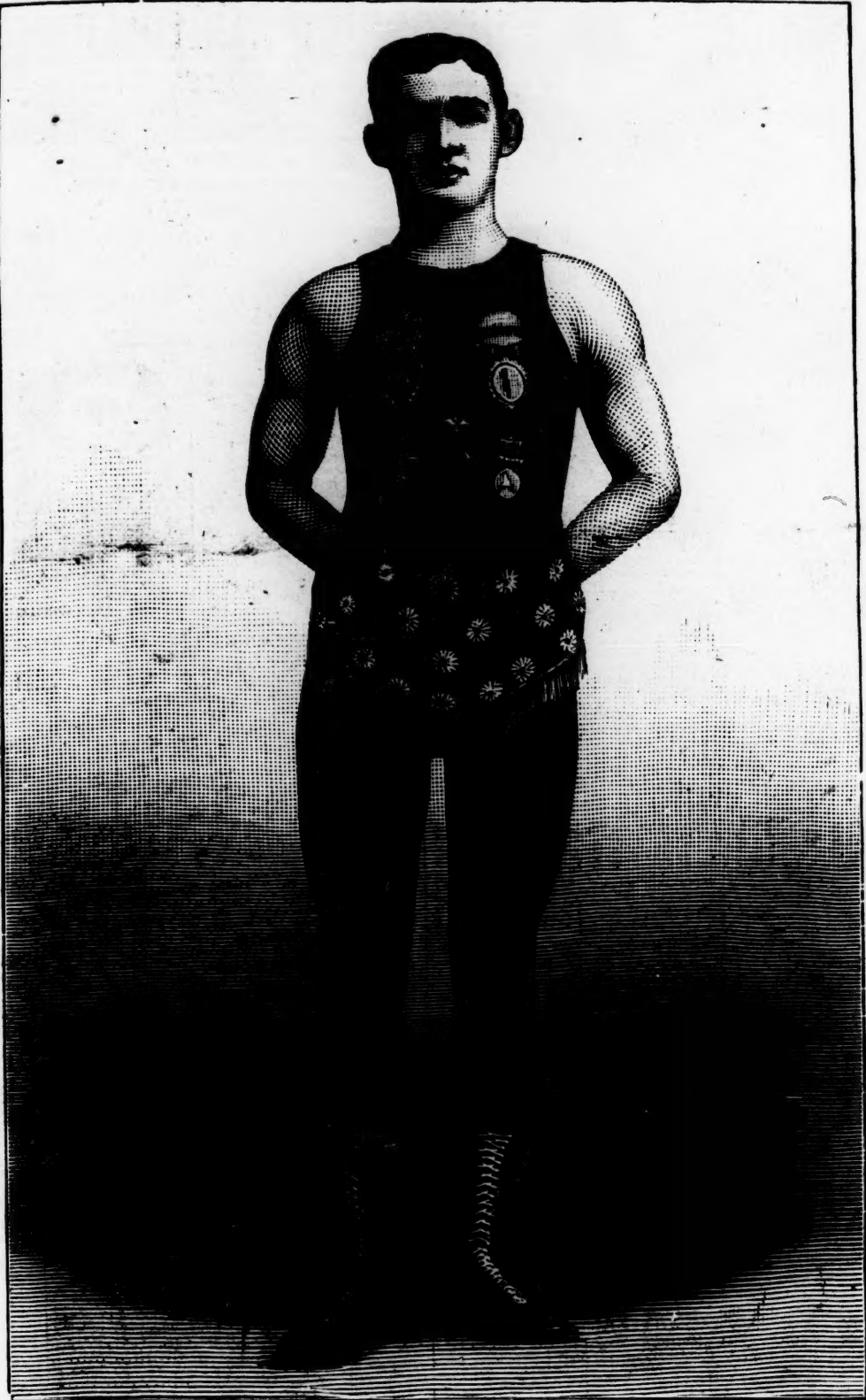
A LUNATIC LOOSE.

HE TERRIFIES THE CITIZENS OF DUBUQUE COUNTY, IOWA, BY ROAMING THE WOODS AND BEATING FARMERS.



A BLOODY DUEL BETWEEN COUSINS.

JOHN MANION AND RICHARD FOWLER OF FAYETTE, MISSOURI, HAVE A SHOOTING MATCH OVER MANION'S WIFE.

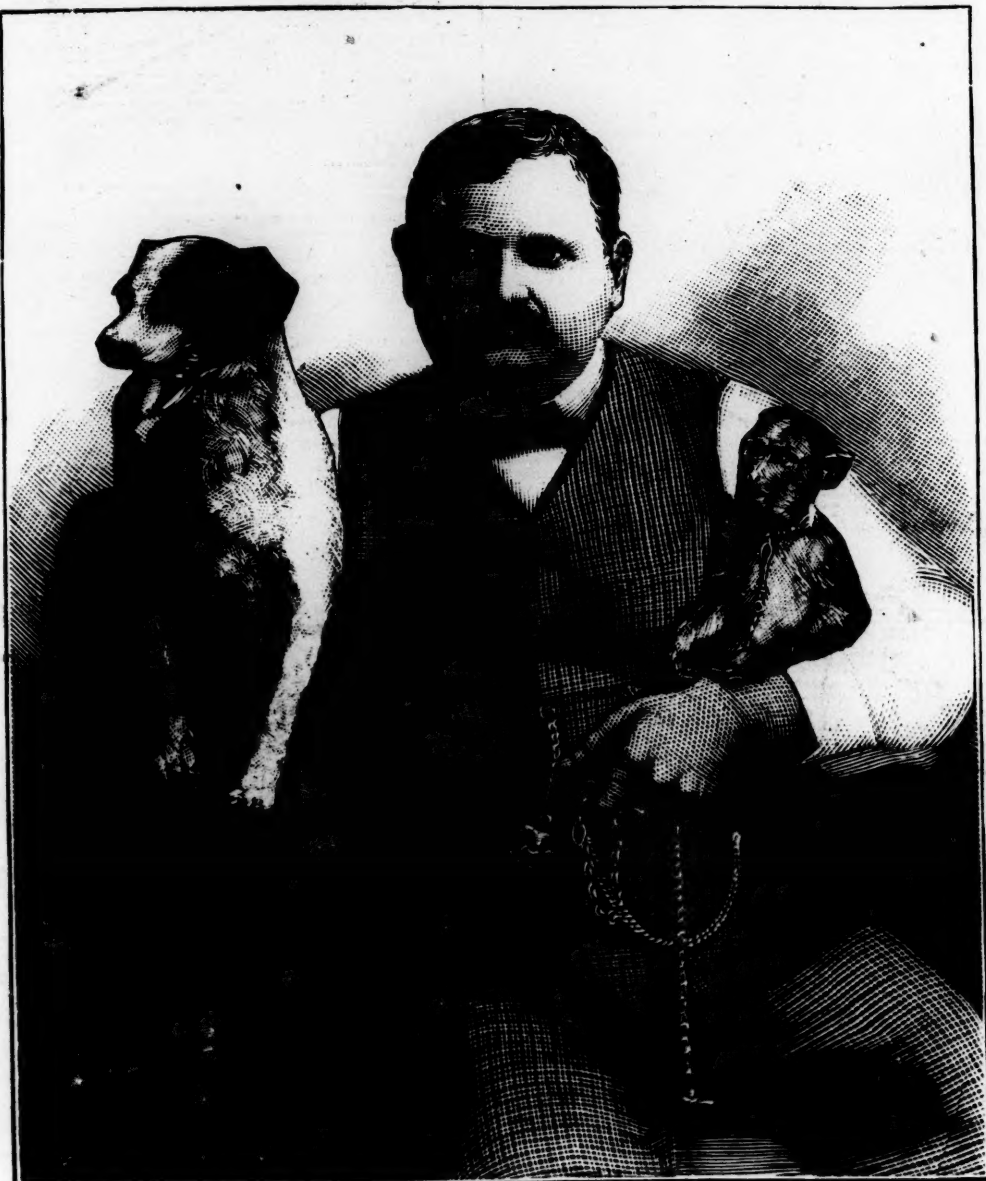


CHAMPION R. H. RUESCHAW,
CHICAGO'S FAMOUS MANIPULATOR OF THE "WOODEN BOTTLES," WHO HOLDS THE
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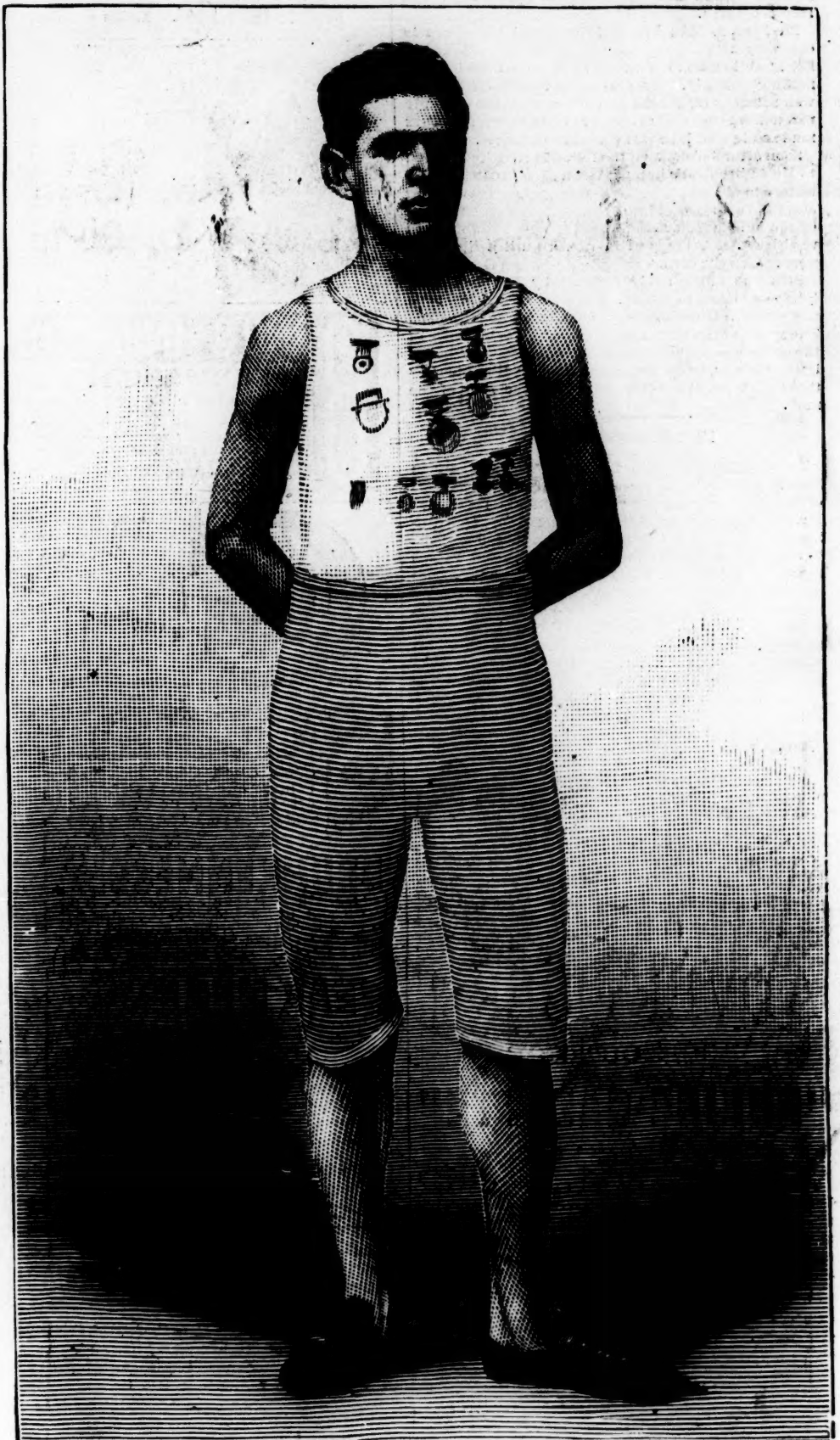


JAMES KEENAN.

THE WELL-KNOWN BOSTON SPORTING MAN GONE TO HIS LAST REST.



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in Need, Is a Friend Indeed.



Above is a first-class portrait of John E. Theleus, who is better known as "the Rabbit" among his many friends. He is owner of one of the best and most popular saloons on the north side of Syracuse, N. Y., which is known as "The Rabbit's Nest." All the boys about town know him as a good fellow, and his expressions are by words with everyone.

A MAIDEN KILLED FOR LOVE.

On June 20 Alvin Park, a cook in the Noank fishing smack Mary Louise, shot and killed Edith Littlefield, a 14-year-old girl.

Park is a widower, 40 years old, and was desperately in love with the girl. Recently she jilted him, and in consequence he had taken to drink.

While intoxicated he called Sunday at the girl's residence at Goat Point, west of Mystic, Conn., with a cold lead line and sinker, and amused himself by smashing in windows and threatening the girl unless she would return his love.

On June 19 Miss Littlefield attended the circus in company with a more favored suitor. Park heard of her intention, and the information added fuel to his flaming jealousy. He also went to the circus, and watched Miss Littlefield and her companion moodily throughout the evening. After leaving the circus Park made a night of it in various drinking places.

Soon after 6 o'clock on the following day he repaired to Miss Littlefield's home. When she appeared in response to his knock, he deliberately raised his revolver and fired six shots at her, emptying his weapon. Four of the bullets took effect, one in the head and three in the breast. She lingered in agony until a little past noon, when she died.

Park was immediately arrested by Deputy Sheriff Hoxie and taken to Mystic. Upon his arrival in Mystic there was intense excitement among the villagers. The youth of the victim and the deliberate brutality of the crime has aroused great indignation. Threats of lynching were freely made, and it was with difficulty that the sheriff's posse kept Park from the fury of the mob.

IN THEIR LIFE-BLOOD.

Two daughters of John Leavitt, a farmer living in Seward County, Neb., three and a half miles southeast of Gresham, were murdered on the night of June 16. Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt had been visiting in Gresham during the day. They returned home about 9 o'clock. Upon entering the house the oldest girl, aged 18, was found lying dead in the middle of the floor in a pool of blood. Her throat was horribly cut and gashed. The parents at once returned to Gresham and gave the alarm. People who accompanied them back to the house found the body of another daughter, aged 8, lying in the front yard with her throat cut from ear to ear. So far no clew whatever has been discovered as to the identity of the murderer or the purpose of the crime.

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TOO FUNNY FOR ANYTHING. 14 Spirited pictures of a married couple in all sorts of antics, only 10c. silver. F. B. TELL, Thompsonville, N. Y.

GENTS—When you want fine goods (Books, Photos, etc.) our sealed Illustrated Circular tells where and how to get them (2c. stamp). Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

OVERSEAS WANTED Everywhere. I wish to employ a reliable person in your country to take up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be taken up everywhere, on terms, houses and businesses in complete places, in towns and country in all parts of the United States. Steady employment; wages \$2.00 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP, EMORY & CO., 514 1/2 Sixth Ave., CINCINNATI, O. NO ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.

AGENTS \$75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample cases FREE. Write to what we say. Address Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instruction in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. GRANAN Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

\$5 to \$9 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted.—\$1 an hour, 50 new articles. Catalogue & sample free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

TOILET ARTICLES.

FACIAL BLEMISHES. The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10 cts. for book of 128 pages, treating on 25 skin imperfections, 6th edition revised and illustrated. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 210 West 42nd St., New York City, N. Y. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By mail, 50c.

TURKISH HAIR GROWER. Guaranteed to grow a beautiful mountain on the smoothest face or hair on bald heads, without injury, in 2 weeks, or money refunded. 10,000 testimonials. The only reliable article of the kind on the market. Beware of wordless imitations. (See pag. 25 etc., 4 for 50 cts.) EASTERN MAN'G CO., Box 157, Boston, Mass.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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COE, YONGE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
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Have the largest line of Jewelry, Watches, Novelties, etc. at lowest prices. Goods for Streetmen, Auctioneers and Agents. Cane Racks and Knife Stands a specialty. Illustrated Catalogue free. 706 WASHINGTON AVE. ST. LOUIS, MO.

6 Female Photos, each in a different position—no two alike—little darling for 25c. Rubber Article, 10c.; 3 for \$1.00. Rubber Shields, Ladies, 50c.; 3 for \$1.00. 10 Pieces of Poetry—just what you want. 25c. 10 Pieces of Poetry—just what you want. 25c. sample, 10c.; complete samples of all, \$1.00. TIOGA NOVELTY CO., Box 1251, Philadelphia, Pa.

New "ACME" BICYCLES
Rubber Tire. Our Price. Factory Price. Our Price.
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THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB'S MEET.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE SUBURBAN ON TUESDAY, JUNE 18, WHEN RACELAND, PILOTED BY "SNAPPER" GARRISON, DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.